This Issue: **Dynamite—The Girl in the Show**
College Coquette—Our Modern Maidens

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

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Join Rosemarys Lee's Helping Hearts Club

10¢

DOLORES DEL RIO

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

ETHEL ROSEMON
Editor

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CONTENTS

HELPING HEARTS CLUB 2
Rosemary Lee

DYNAMITE 3-8
Helen Hoyt

LIVES OF THE GREAT 9
Howard Curtis

THE GIRL IN THE SHOW 10-14
Ethel Rosemon

THAT'S THAT 15
Ruth Rand

COLLEGE COQUETTE 16-19
Rosemary Lee

OUR MODERN MAIDENS 20-22
Jean Pennington

MYSTIC MYRA 23
Myra Merton

OUR SCHOOL OF SCENARIO WRITING 24
Anne Maxwell

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Helping Hearts Club

Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE

Pals O' Mine:

I have just closed the cover of a book, a book I wish I could pass on to all of you. You are interested in pictures, in Hollywood—or else you would not be reading this magazine. And this is a sane book, a wistful, appealing book. It tells a story of life in the picture colony, not of the stars and their cars, their swimming pools, their lavish entertainments, but of the struggles, the heartaches, the sunshine, the shadows of the extra girl. And that is just what it is called, "Extra Girl". I seldom have time to read whole books. I must content myself with magazine stories that I can complete while I am riding on the subway. I didn't think I would have time to finish "Extra Girl" but I took it home from the office one night and opened it a little skeptically.

"What does this lady really know about the extra girl?" I asked myself. "She never was one and I was. I bet I could tell her a thing or two."

Then I read that book from cover to cover, held by the throbbing story that was told, the charm of the telling. And I decided I must mention it to my pals. Whenever I enjoy a picture or a play, I think of you, my family, scattered all over the world, and I want to tell you about it—for I have read between the lines of your letters and I have grown to know you well. If you are fortunate enough to procure a copy of "Extra Girl", I know it will bring as much pleasure to you as it did to your

ROSEMARY LEE.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

May I join your nice club?

I am seventeen years old, five feet, two inches tall, brown hair and blue eyes.

I am a Catholic.

Will you please forward the enclosed letter to Rosy Cheeks of Maine?

Hoping to hear from "lots" of pen pals, especially from those "way out West", I remain

Rosemary of Wisconsin.

Consider yourself joined, Rosemary.

* * *

Dear Friendship Princess:

I have read your H. H. C. ever since I can remember, and request to be admitted. May I?

I am sixteen, have blonde wavy hair, blue eyes, and am five feet and one inch tall, and would love to have heaps of Pen Pals.

I like skating, hiking, writing, music of all types, and, above all, dancing. I graduated from high school last June and am taking a course in Office Training.

I hope the address on this letter is correct and that

(*Continued on page 28*)

Cynthia Crothers was an heiress, so why shouldn't she spend part of her fortune to buy a husband?

Do wealth, position, lack of responsibility always prove to be

Dynamite

to the pleasure-loving sons and daughters of the idle rich?

By HELEN HOYT

Hagon Derk needed ten thousand dollars. Who could prevent him from selling the only thing in the world he could call his own?

IN the somber courtroom the air was still and tense with the portent of an ominous event. The silky rustle of the judge's gown brought the waiting crowd to attention as the magistrate rapped sharply with his gavel. An officer touched the shoulder of a huge figure, a worker from the coal mines, a Rodinesque statue in real life, a man whose eyes spoke of burning internal fires.

"Stand up, Derk," the officer commanded.

Hagon Derk arose. A ripple went around the courtroom, for, even in this hour, the power of the man made itself felt.

The judge reached for a glass and moistened his lips. What he was about to do is never a pleasant task. It seemed fantastic that this man should be enmeshed in such a net. But the evidence and the verdict of the jury—well, a judge must do his duty.

He fixed his eyes upon gigantic Hagon Derk, "fire boss" in a coal mine, whose job was to save men from the effects of deadly coal gas. It seemed hardly possible that he could have killed another.

"It is the judgment of the court that you, Hagon Derk, having been found guilty of the crime of murder, be remanded to the custody of the sheriff, to be by him delivered to the warden of the State Penitentiary and there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead." The ordinarily cold legal voice hesitated on the last words, "And may God have mercy on your soul." A shadow passed across Derk's face but he did not falter or drop his eyes. "Have you anything to say?"

The judge uttered this formal legal sentence with more meaning than usual. This was the last possible hope of the condemned man.

Hopelessly, and yet with a touch of humor, the miner stretched his arms in a significant gesture.

"What can I say?" he replied. "You've said it all!"

He turned to go. Then the whole courtroom was electrified by the sound of a sob. A girl of twelve broke away from the arms of a matron and rushed to the man who had just heard the most terrible sentence the world knows.

"They can't—they can't—kill you!" she cried, clinging to his rough coat. "Oh, Buddy, I won't let them. I won't let you go!"

For the first time since the beginning of the trial, the big man perceptibly broke. His shoulders sagged and his eyes filled with tears as he turned to the bench.

"What's going to become of this kid, Judge?" he said. "She's my sister—she'll be all alone in the world—there ain't no one to support her but me!"

The judge had feared this question, but there was only one answer:

"You should have thought of that before you committed the crime. It's too late now. She will probably be placed in a public institution." Derk's face grew gray as the judge concluded, "That's all, Derk."

As the attending officer stepped closer, Katie grew hysterical.

"Don't take him away," she cried. "He didn't do it! Can't you see he didn't do it?"

Derk gathered her in his arms.

"Take it easy, Baby. We don't holler when we're hurt. I'll find some way to get you taken care of."

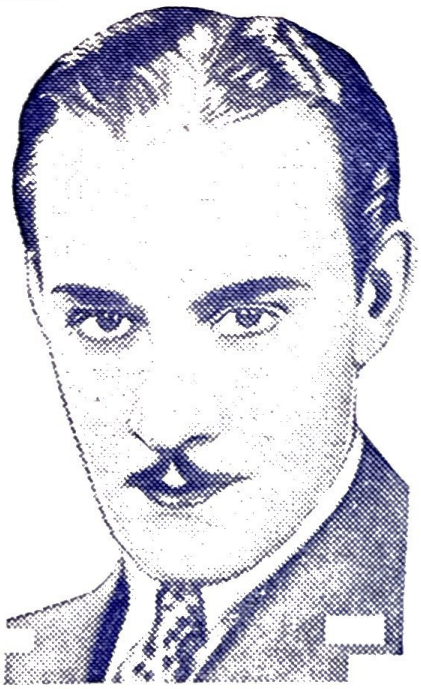
It was one of those scenes that even the most hard-boiled of court attachés dread, a scene to drag at the heartstrings.

IN another part of the city, a very different conference was in progress at the very moment the guards took Derk from his sister along the first steps of that journey from which there is no return.

Beautifully gowned, the very last word in up-to-the-

This is an adaptation of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's screen presentation of the story by Jeanie MacPherson. Cecil B. DeMille directed with Conrad Nagel appearing as Roger Towne, Kay Johnson as Cynthia Crothers, Charles Bickford as Hagon Derk, Julia Faye as Marcia Towne, Muriel McCormac as Katie Derk, Joe McCrea as Marco, Robert Edeson, William Holden and Henry Stockbridge as the three wise fools, Robert T. Haines as the judge, Douglas Frazer Scott as Bobby, Jane Keckley as his mother, Scott Kolk as the radio announcer and Fred Walton as the doctor.

Marcia Town was a modern young wife. If she no longer wanted her husband, who could criticize her for disposing of him to the greatest advantage —to herself?



Roger Towne was the inocent victim of the trading in human happiness.

minute American girls, Cynthia Crothers pounded a smartly gloved hand on a polished table, back of which sat the board of directors of a wealthy trust company.

"Why, it's perfectly outrageous! It's immoral! It's worse than immoral! It's silly. It's all right for you to sit there in judgment like three elderly angels but I'm alive!"

The chairman of the board assented humorously:

"So we see! Alive and kicking!"

"I won't do it, that's all," the girl declared. "You can manage my estate but you can't manage my heart!"

"But, my dear child!" the stern and humorless one of the group interrupted.

"I'm not your dear child and I think your proposition is immoral."

"Your grandfather provided in his will—" the chairman broke in.

"It's the one thing you can't break. It's fool proof and it's lawyer proof."

The third director spoke up:

"He foresaw that you would need the love of a good man."

Cynthia's sense of humor boiled over at that remark.

"There ain't no such animal," she countered.

The stern director was incensed.

"There!" he stormed. "A woman who talks like that can't be trusted with an immense fortune!"

The chairman attempted to pour oil on the waters. With his finger on one paragraph of a legal document he reminded Cynthia:

"Your grandfather saw that marriage was the only safe thing for you and he gave you plenty of time. Now there is just one month left.

"I won't do it! I won't!" Cynthia stormed. "Will or no will, I'm not going to marry anyone I don't love!"

The chairman begged her "not to be a little fool". He pointed out that her decision in the matter meant nothing to them and everything to her. Unless she was married on her 23rd birthday and living with her husband, she lost everything!

"My dear child," the eldest of the three suggested, "why not select some sober, industrious young fellow from among your friends?"

"I haven't any friends like that," Cynthia interrupted. "And, anyway, it is impossible for me to comply with Grandfather's will."

The directors gathered about her as she walked to the door, pausing to powder her pretty nose.

"Why?" queried the president.

Cynthia shot a quizzical look at him and replied:

"Because I'm already engaged to be married."

The three were overjoyed.

"That's fine! Then what's all the fuss for?" one inquired.

The chairman advised:

"Marry him—and do it quickly!"

With all a woman's knowledge of dramatic suspense, Cynthia delayed her reply:

"I can't—because his wife won't let him!"

The three men fussed and fumed like a flock of excited old geese. Through all the interlocking remarks could be heard shocked comments on the ways of the present generation. Cynthia turned on them with an angry fire in her blue eyes.

"A fine lot you are!" she cried, contempt in her clear, young voice. "I tell you I'm in love and you're all shocked beyond words—merely because it happens to be with another woman's husband!" Crossing to the door, she turned the handle. "But you don't hesitate to urge me to go out and lasso the first thing in pants in order to inherit some money! If you can't help me any better than that, I'll help myself! Good morning!" And, with a whirl of skirts from the smartest shop in all Paris, she was gone.

AT the Maplewood Country Club a Ladies' Field Day was in progress. Archery contests and swimming events were scheduled and last, but not least, an exciting aero wheel race. In the group of fashionably gowned

"I'll always be near you—sorta watchin'—only you won't know it."

women stood Marcia Towne, the last word in modern young wives. Her eyes were fastened on the edge of the polo field where her husband, Roger, was chatting with more than usual interest with Cynthia Crothers and in their depths was a calculating look that the student of human nature could not possibly mistake for jealousy. She sensed that the two were discussing their marriage with anything but complimentary remarks about herself, the only barrier to the immediate consummation of their plans. But it was all a part of life's "Comedy of Errors", so why run the risk of worry wrinkles over so unimportant a matter as a husband? She didn't want Roger and Cynthia did. Well, demand always raises the price of a commodity in the business world, so why—She crossed leisurely over to the two.

"It can't be done, Marcia," Cynthia greeted. "We can't set a date for our wedding until you set a date for your divorce."

"Don't rush me!" Marcia implored with mock seriousness. "Why, I haven't had time to shop around for another husband!"

"It wouldn't hurt you to stay single for a few weeks!" Roger retorted

Marcia shook her head at Cynthia.

"Isn't that just like a man not to understand a woman's delicate feelings? Besides, Roger, Cynthia hasn't asked for your hand in marriage yet."

"She's right, Roger," the girl agreed. "You run along and play. Marcia and I have a great deal to say to each other."

And indeed they had! Marcia immediately disclosed her hand. In payment for her divorce from Roger, she demanded $200,000 in advance alimony from Cynthia, $50,000 down, "the balance on delivery".

It was a staggering figure, and Cynthia shook her head dolefully. She just couldn't afford Roger, although Marcia pointed out with the convincing arguments of a good salesman what a real bargain she was getting.

The discussion was interrupted by a call for the start of the feature of the Ladies' Field Day, the exciting and novel aero hoop race. Cynthia turned to Marcia.

"Listen," she said. "I'll make you a sporting offer. You and I are entered in this race. If you win, I'll pay you your two hundred thousand; if I win, you'll accept one hundred thousand. Are you game?"

"It's a bet!" Marcia cried as they crossed the field for the race, the stakes of which were to be so much higher than those sport-loving spectators dreamed.

AS the announcer at the Maplewood Country Club started broadcasting the aero wheel race, the head guard of the death cells at State's Prison tuned in. Derk's cell centered a group in which sat or reclined a half dozen assorted and very tough personalities, all men whose lives had been declared forfeited to the State and to society for an infringement of the Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill". From the gay country club the voice of the radio announcer came through the air:

"The big aero hoop race is about to begin. And, friends, I certainly wish you could see the cute costumes these ladies are wearing!"

"So do we!" a prisoner shouted.

"They outline their lovely forms, display their dimpled knees."

The prisoners sighed and groaned in mockery.

"Rolling hoops while we burn!" cried the bitter Hagon Derk, the most spectacular, the strongest, the most interesting man of the motley crew. His eyes smouldered as he thought of his sister.

AT the Country Club ten pretty girls stepped into huge hoops in which they were to roll over and over to the goal, 100 yards away. A gold cup was the official reward to be given the winner. To two of the racers, however, that prize was as a pinch of dust compared to the fortune really at stake.

Roger and Marco, the latter a constant attendant upon Marcia, thought the excitement of the pair due entirely to the race. Only the two girls knew the full meaning of the covered remarks they shot back and forth to each

"And, forsaking all others, keep you only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

other. This race was a race for a mountain of gold on one side, and a husband on the other. And, back in a prison cell, a dour miner cursed the injustice which would send his sister to an institution and allow fools to roll in hoops for a gold cup.

The pistol cracked! The aero wheel race was on!

The hoops of Marcia and Cynthia were side by side for yard after yard as the race proceeded. Head down and feet up, Cynthia cried:

"Marcia dear, I just want to say in passing that I think you're a blackmailer!"

Marcia laughed, but her words were lost as Cynthia sped on.

"Cynthia's ahead," cried the crowd as the young heiress crossed the finishing line first.

Just then Marcia fouled her rival's wheel and they both cascaded into a fountain. When Cynthia came up for air, she shouted over at her opponent:

"And where did you think you were going?"

"To Reno, I guess," retorted the loser.

"And one hundred thousand dollars is what you get!" Cynthia reminded her.

"I'll be around Saturday for the first payment," the ambitious collector of advance alimony retorted.

Just then Roger and Marco came up and the two very modern young women became very limp and very appealingly feminine. Although it was the twentieth century, they used tactics which have been woman's since the days of the Pyramids.

DAYS passed. Very soon now Cynthia Crothers would be celebrating her twenty-third birthday.

In the State's prison, Hagon Derk was saying goodby to his sister.

"Oh, can't I come again?" Katie sobbed. "There's two more days before—before they—"

She sank down. Derk kneeled and reached his arms to her through the bars.

It was the lowest thing Roger had ever heard of—and he did not hesitate to tell Cynthia so.

While the party was in progress, Cynthia and Roger stole away for undisturbed moments of lovemaking.

"Not very well, dear. You see, they move me to another cell tomorrow."

Katie's tears flowed in a torrent.

"I heard 'em say—to—the—death cell!"

Derk had stood everything with almost stolid composure but it took all his strength to smile as he said:

"Now don't think about it, honey! I'll always be near you—sorta watching—only you won't know it." Katie felt in her pocket for her handkerchief. Derk stuck his coarse bandana through the bars. "Here, take mine. That's better. I'll find some money to keep you out of the orphanage. Don't let the guard see you cry! Why have I got to leave you? Where's the justice of it? The whole world's cracked!"

The clear voice of Cynthia Crothers broke in:

"How would you like to be sure your little sister is going to have a good home, comfort, luxury and an education?" As the guards took Katie away, the slim, beautiful girl passed the ocular gauntlet of the other condemned prisoners and approached the cell. In her hand was a newspaper clipping, announcing that Derk had offered his body to science for $10,000. "I have the ten thousand!" she told him.

When Derk wanted to know why she wanted his body, she explained that it was not his body she wanted but that she wanted him to marry her.

"Marry you!" Derk repeated incredulously. "What's the matter? Are you in trouble?"

"I have my own reasons for wanting to be married," she told him.

"And widowed!" Derk added. "Why don't you pick out one of those hoop-rolling dudes?" He had recognized her from her pictures in the society columns.

"I didn't realize the name of a murderer was so valuable," she told him coldly.

"It's as good as that of a woman who would marry one!" he flashed.

And so, with the bars between them, the battle of words continued. But, with $10,000 at stake, it could have but one ending, and the next night, nine hours before Derk was to hang at 5 a.m., Cynthia put her hand through the bars into the huge one of the condemned man, while a minister made them man and wife.

It was a terrific thing to do, even for an immense fortune, and the white-faced girl nearly fell as the hammers building a gallows punctuated the solemn words of the wedding ceremony.

"And, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?" droned the voice of the minister.

"That won't be long," said Derk, "but I will." Cynicism and bitterness tinged his whole attitude but, as Cynthia, having paid him the money, turned away, with a touch of feeling he asked, "Will you give me those flowers on your dress"—again bitter—"for my funeral?"

WHILE the weird marriage was taking place in the blue-lighted cell block of the big prison, a pair of slim, well-dressed young vultures were preparing to dine. Early morning found them among the patrons of an all-night cabaret. A litter of cigarette butts covered the table. One man was cold and calm, the calm of a snake before the strike; the other was a writhing bundle of nerves.

"The clock moves," the snaky one commented, "and you can't stop it from moving. Every time it ticks, he's nearer to the rope, the rope that should be around your neck!" Minute by minute and second by second he taunted the weaker one, taunted him as the clock's hands passed 4.30 a.m. and surged upward toward five o'clock. "He's walking up the thirteen little steps to hell. He was a big guy—he'll fall heavy. Go on, tell them you did it!"

Human endurance cracked. The nervous lad lunged at his tormentor. A shot resounded through the café and, as the mortally wounded boy fell, he screamed:

"I did it! I did it!"

The snaky one smiled.

"I knew you would, you yellow lump of clay!" And he was gone.

"I did it," the dying boy whispered to the policeman

Derk shoved Cynthia's drunken guests from the room.

In spite of Cynthia's struggles, Derk grasped her in his arms and pressed a long lingering kiss on her lips.

who came to his side, "the Christie murder—the fingerprints you couldn't explain. Hagon Derk is hanging for it. There are only five minutes left."

The awed crowd burst into excited whispering. The policeman fought his way to a telephone in a frantic effort to reach the Governor.

AND, in a lovely, modernistic bedroom, a conscience-stricken girl rolled and tossed in agony as her dainty desk clock beat out the passing hours.

Later in the day as she descended the stairs, the butler handed her the afternoon papers. She reprimanded him severely, saying that she had ordered that no papers were to be given her and that she was out to everyone. Crossing to the drawing room, she opened a box of flowers that had recently been delivered. On top of the waxen petals was a card:

"Let me see you wearing these tonight, my sweetheart, soon to be my wife."

The lines of worry, possibly remorse, visibly softened. After all, he was worth it, the debonair Roger!

A few minutes later, there was a disturbance at the door. The butler protested violently that the burly man who presented himself should go to the servants' entrance.

"Miss Crothers is not in," he repeated.

Just then Cynthia passed in the drawing room. Hagon Derk shoved the servant out of the door, sprang the latch and advanced along the hall.

Cynthia was about to fasten Roger's gardenias to the shoulder of her gown when she lifted her eyes and saw Derk. For a moment they stared at each other, then she realized that it was the man himself and not his ghost. She dropped the flowers and clasped her hand to her lips to stifle a cry.

"You—alive?"

The miner advanced into the room, his rugged face showing understanding and concern.

"Yes, I'm alive," he said.

"They didn't—"

"No, they didn't."

In a sudden reaction of hysterical relief after all the horrors she had imagined, Cynthia began to laugh.

"Oh-oh-oh—I'm glad they didn't hang you."

Derk smiled.

"So am I!"

He stooped and picked up her forgotten flowers and offered them to her. But her eyes stared blindly at him as she remembered.

"But—if you're free—"

With a twisted smile the miner finished the sentence:

"If I'm free, you're not. It's a tough break for you."

In full realization of what it all meant, Cynthia sank into a chair. She was desperate. Derk, with the best intentions in the world, suggested that they try it out, that it might be best for her to "let things run along as they are for a while".

The girl gazed at him with cold eyes.

"Now I understand," she said. "I had to pay for your name—and now I'll have to pay to get rid of it. All right. How much do you want?"

Derk, simple and direct as he was, stood dumfounded as Cynthia called the butler, told him to show the caller out and give him her lawyer's address.

The man was furious. He turned on Cynthia, his mouth set in a cold, hard line.

"I came here to do the square thing but, since this is how you feel about it, I'll just stay for a while. Tell the Duke to show me to my room," he directed.

The moment was tense, then an interruption came in the form of a loud knocking at the door. It was Roger Towne and "the party", the little French maid explained. At once Cynthia turned suppliant. It would be just too awful if her friends found Derk there. She begged him to hide upstairs until it was over.

"I can't explain who you are," she said. "I'd be the joke of the town. Oh, please, please!"

As Derk turned to leave the room, the doors were thrown open and a laughing stream of young people dashed through to the tiny bar hidden behind a modernistic plate glass mirror. Steaming highballs, red, white and blue cocktails and other stimulating beverages soon got the party well started. As it grew wilder and wilder, Cynthia's pet parrot, from her perch on the landing, uttered one of her two phrases:

"Don't touch me. I'm a good girl!"

The hidden Derk, observing the party, acidly retorted:

"Well—if you are, you must be lonely here!"

Roger observed that Cynthia was nervous, and, under his persistent questioning, she told the whole story, at the same time trying to calm his fears by assuring him her lawyer would handle everything.

Soon Marcia arrived with Marco and lost no time in coming to the point. She wanted her $25,000 and she wanted it badly.

Cynthia led her upstairs to her boudoir where she wrote the check while downstairs the party proceeded gaily. As Marcia placed the slip of paper in her stocking, Derk, watching from his hiding place, smiled sardonically. Some society this! Disgusted, he sougth his way out of the house but stumbled over Cynthia and Roger in a close embrace. Roger looked up.

"Why, the gas man is lost!" he exclaimed.

"No, he ain't," Derk retorted. "He's just beginning to find his way about. Suppose you tell me what you mean by kissing this girl!"

Cynthia quickly ran between the two and Roger sensed that this was the man of whom she had spoken.

"You were of great service to this lady," he said, "and you've been well paid for it! Now suppose you get out!"

A stubborn light shone in Derk's eyes as he replied:

"All right, suppose you come with me. You've been well paid for, too!"

Roger looked at Cynthia with quick suspicion.

"What do you mean?" he demanded sharply.

Derk pointed at Cynthia.

"Ask her. She bought you!"

"Don't believe him!" Cynthia cried. "He's trying to make trouble! Please, Roger, come away!"

"I want the truth," Roger insisted.

Marcia had been listening behind the curtain and, as Cynthia passed through, she was disclosed, an eavesdropper. Derk indicated her to Roger.

"Ask the dame in the white wig!" he flashed.

Marcia swept through the opened curtains, entirely unabashed at being caught listening to a private conversation.

"Ask me for the truth!" she laughed. "Who's the truck driver who believes in Santa Claus?"

With a quick motion, Derk tore the $25,000 check from Marcia's stocking and handed it to Roger.

"Why," he said, "these dames bargained for you like so much beef on the hoof!"

Roger was dumbfounded. He turned on Cynthia and told her that this was the lowest thing he had ever heard, that he was through with her unless she tore up that check, then he stormed from the room and out of the house. Marcia lighted a cigarette and gazed after him.

"Now that you know what a perfect little gentleman Roger is, I really ought to raise my price," she commented. "Now hand the check back!"

Cynthia refused, for she knew that Roger meant what he said. Marcia grew unpleasant, threatened to expose the whole thing, and at this juncture Derk stepped up.

"Just a minute, lady! Who's going to believe that she bought your husband when she has one of her own?"

Marcia glared at Cynthia.

"This is a put up job between you," she stormed. "Do I get the money or do I make you the laughing stock of the world?"

"You wouldn't dare," Cynthia replied.

"Wouldn't I?" retorted the maddened Marcia and, without a backward glance, went to the head of the stairs and called to the now very hilarious party.

Cynthia's drunken friends ran noisily up, crowded around the two women and in a burst of sensation-seeking recklessness attempted familiarities which Derk resented. To Cynthia's horror, she saw him square his broad shoulders and throw the men of the party bodily from the room. The group, surprised, and many of them suddenly sobered, left the house, the more serious ones stopping for a minute to say, "I'm sorry," to their hostess.

(Continued on page 27)

Lives of the Great

By HOWARD CURTIS

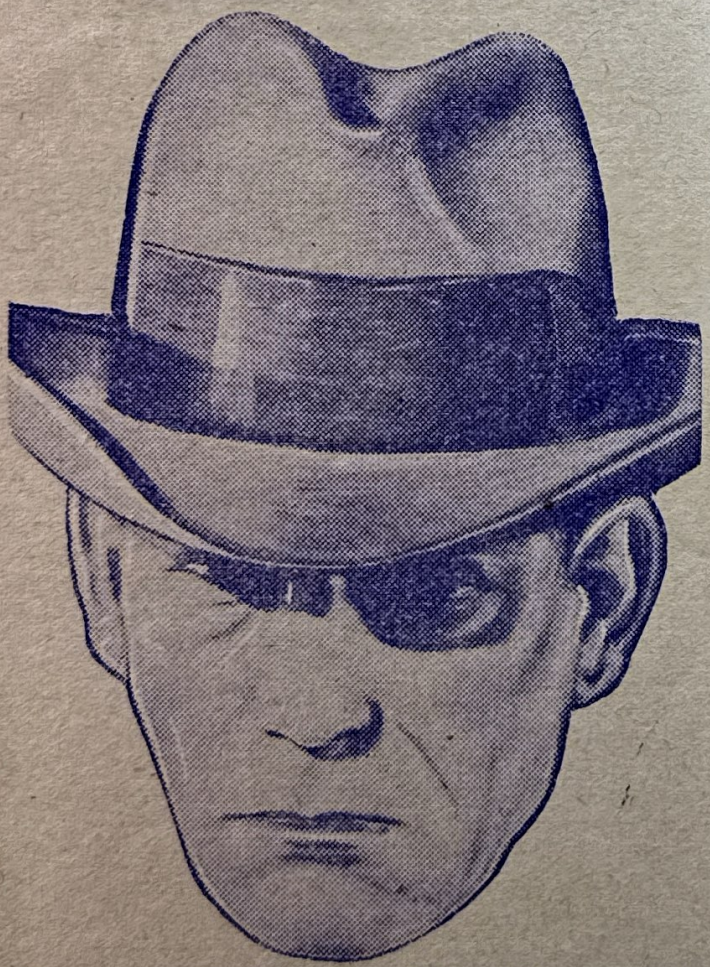
LON CHANEY, who has been called "the greatest pantomimist in the world" and who for long has been familiarly known as "the man of a thousand faces", has said of himself on many occasions:

"There is no real Lon Chaney; there is only the character he is creating on the screen."

But there is a very real and a very shy and kindly and understanding Lon Chaney, the second of four normal children born to deaf and dumb parents in Colorado Springs, Colo., April 1, 1883. The father was a kindly Irishman who ran a barber shop; the mother, a daughter of Emma Kennedy, one of Colorado's most distinguished citizens.

When Lon was nine, in the fourth grade at school, his mother became permanently helpless from inflammatory rheumatism and Lon gave up school to nurse her and do the housework. For three years he was engaged in this loving labor, and many have said that the necessity of exchanging thoughts with his mother by gestures and facial expressions laid the groundwork for Chaney's skill as an actor.

At thirteen, Lon went to work, first as a guide leading tourists up Pike's Peak and then as carpet layer, decorator's apprentice, mine worker and prop boy in the Grand Opera House, managed by his brother.



"There is no real Lon Chaney," says the star. "There is only the character he is creating on the screen."

Many have said that the necessity for exchanging the thoughts with his deaf and dumb parents by means of gestures and facial expressions laid the ground work for Lon Chaney's skill as an actor. (With Lupe Velez in "Where East is East"—M.G.M.)

Chaney's first stage rôle was in a comic opera, "Said Pasha", produced by the local stage hands' union of which Chaney is still a member. "Said Pasha" was a success. It encouraged the Chaney brothers to produce first a Gilbert and Sullivan opera and then "Fra Diavolo", in 1901, when Lon was eighteen.

When the show failed, Lon's brother returned home but Lon kept on as a trouper in all sorts of shows throughout the United States and Canada.

After four years he married the girl who was then his singing and dancing partner and who now is never separated from him. Their son is a practising lawyer in Hollywood.

After his son was born, Chaney decided that life on the road was too uncertain, so he took steady but strenuous work as actor and stage manager in Los Angeles and in San Francisco.

He was given his first motion picture job by Universal on the first day he applied. He was an extra and rode horses in two-reel Westerns.

His first real part was in a unit directed by Jeanie McPherson. Miss McPherson was first to observe Chaney's genius for character work and wrote a story with a special part for him. But she left the company and it was six years before Lon Chaney got his real chance, which came only after he had been refused a raise from $100 to $125 a week and had resigned from Universal. Bill Hart then gave him a part in "Riddle Gawn". He did other pictures with Hart, and then, in 1919, George Loane Tucker cast him in "The Miracle Man", a Famous Players-Lasky film of 1919. In 1920 he made "Treasure Island" for Paramount and in 1921 "The Penalty" for Goldwyn. The next great success was "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" for Universal.

In 1925 he signed his starring contract with Metro-

(Continued on page 37)

Life was often difficult for

The Girl in the Show

but, no matter how hard the road, she never forgot that, once a trouper, always a trouper.

By ETHEL ROSEMON

JANE TRUXTON was chairman of all the uplift societies a twenty-four hour day gave her time to organize. She was never happy unless she was uplifting some one or somebody—and, then, there were those in the little Kansas town who, taking the facial expression as an indication of the contentment of the mind, were prone to wonder whether Jane was happy even in following out her life's mission. She was the nightmare of all the little traveling shows that stopped over one night to regale the citizens of Hiawatha, for they never knew when the town's busybody would call out the police department to stop the performance. Jane's chief joy along this line consisted in scrutinizing the birth certificates of the sweet little ingenues who simpered and skipped through three acts of melodrama. Perfect bliss, therefore, promised to spread its wings over her uplifting soul the day Ed Blondell's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe stumbled off the car at the sleepy little station, for the constable, Jeff Morgan, bore the news that there was a child in the company—she couldn't possibly be more than eleven or twelve. Jane's eyes lighted in anticipation—another triumphant report for the society, for a child of that age should be safely ensconce in the town's institution, not traveling around the country with a wicked theatrical troupe. She immediately got in touch with her enthusiastic co-worker, Newton Wampler. Would he accompany her to the Opera House that evening, for, of course, she could not think of entering that house of iniquity unless morally supported by some one who, like herself, had a mission in life.

So, that night when dainty little Hattie Hartey had ascended to heaven as *Little Eva* for times too innumerable to be counted and had been accidently dropped before the curtain had fully descended for the same number of times and had hastened back to her dressing-room to wash up and pack up for the usual midnight ride to the next one-night stand, Ed Blondell burst into her dressing-room in a state of great excitement. There was a man asking to see her. He was one of the town's most influential citizens. Ed was sure of it because the stage doorman had laid great emphasis on that fact.

"Well, what does he want of me?" Hattie inquired wonderingly.

"Don't know," Ed told her, "unless you've gone and snagged yourself a John."

"Oh, be yourself," Hattie responded as she continued packing the cans and boxes on her make-up shelf.

"Now, listen, Hat," the manager told her with a calculating look in his eye, "there was just enough money in the house tonight to get the troupe to the next town, not a penny more. If this guy should want to get in the show business, why, I wouldn't mind letting him in—see!"

"You mean you want me to string him along?" Hattie interpreted his suggestion. "Is that the idea?"

"Sure," Blondell agreed. "Be nice to him, get him interested."

"Well, you got me wrong," the star informed him. "I've never done a thing like that in my life and I'm not going to begin to do it now."

"You listen to me," the manager told her emphatically. "I've been pretty nice to you, but, if business doesn't pick up pretty quick, I'll leave this turkey flat. Then what'll you do?"

"Oh, I wish I was out of this rotten business!" Hattie exclaimed wearily.

"You couldn't get out of it if you wanted to. Once a trouper, always a trouper." Hattie knew only too well that he was right. "You see, Hat, it means as much to yourself as it means to the troupe and me. All you've got to do is to kid this fellow along a little. Come on, what do you say?"

"All right," the girl assented. "I'll do what I can."

"That's all I ask," the manager approved, giving her a grateful little pat on the shoulder. "It looks to me as if this John is just ripe for some Jane to vamp. I'll send him in to you."

A few minutes later Newton Wampler entered Hattie's dressing-room alone. Jane Truxton could not bring herself to risk contamination no matter how well she was protected. Her companion uplifter stood before the little actress, grinning embarrassedly, his hat clutched nervously in his hand.

"I guess I'm in the right church but in the wrong pew, as the fellow says," he ventured finally. "I came in here looking for that kid that played *Little Eva*."

Hattie's merry laugh rang out in the dressing-room.

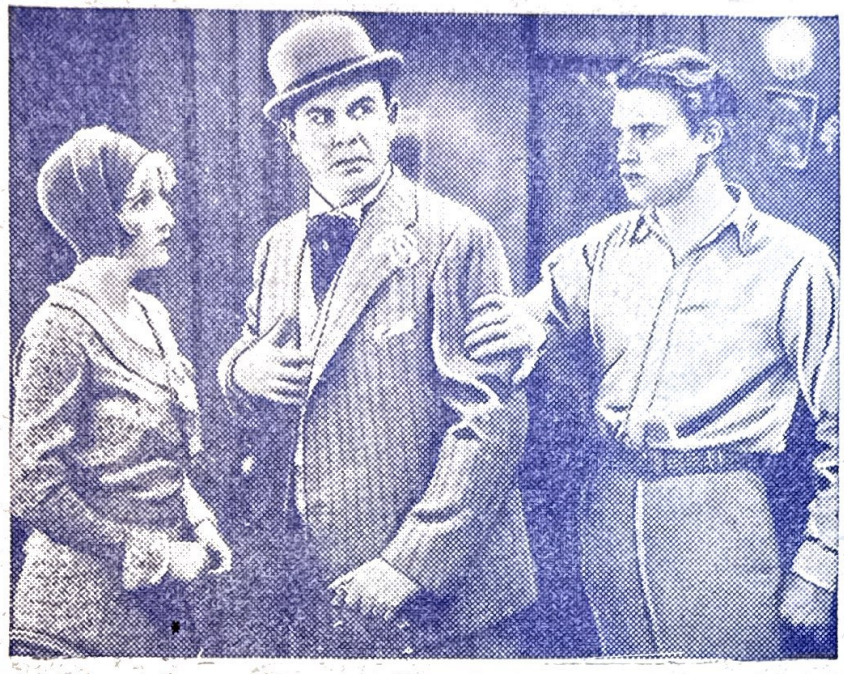
"Why didn't you know I played *Eva*?" she questioned, gazing up at him coquettishly.

"Oh, you can't fool me," Wampler grinned. "She had long golden curls." The little actress turned to her trunk and from the top drew out a bright yellow wig.

"Holy suffering cats!" Wampler exclaimed. "And to think you fooled me!"

"Did you really think I was a kid?" Hattie inquired

This is an adaptation of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's screen presentation of the story by John Kenyon Nicholson and John Golden based on the play "Eva the Fifth". Edgar Selwyn wrote the scenario and directed the picture, with Bessie Love appearing as Hattie Hartly, Raymond Hackett as Mal Thorne, Edward Nugent as Dave Amazon, Mary Doran as Connie Bard, Jed Prouty as Newton Wampler, Ford Sterling as Ed Bondell, Nancy Price as Oriole, Lucy Beaumont as Lorna Montrose, Richard Carlyle as Leon Montrose, Alice Moe as Grace Steeple, Frank Nelson as Tracey Boone, Jack McDonald as Ernest Beaumont, Ethel Wales as Jane Truxton and John F. Morrissey as Jeff Morgan.



Mal was jealous of the newcomer but Hattie readily forgave him, for she knew that his jealousy arose from his great love for her.

with the actress's satisfaction at having "put one over".

"And, what's more, do you know what I came here for tonight?" her caller laughed. Hattie shook her head. "While I was having supper, Mrs. Jane Truxton, who is head of our Child Welfare League, called me up and said there was a little girl playing in the show down at the Opera House that ought to be investigated and we hot-footed it over here to pinch you. Yes, siree, and, until I saw you just now with your warpaint off, I'd a sworn you weren't a day over twelve."

"Well, it's awfully nice to hear you say that," Hattie smiled. "I've been thinking I was getting too old to play *Eva*. You see I've been playing this part ever since I can remember. My mother and her mother and her mother were *Tommers*."

"And where are your parents now?" Wampler asked interestedly.

"They're dead," Hattie replied wistfully, gazing at the picture she had pasted in the top of her trunk. "Pop fell over a stage brace and broke his hip in Paducah, Kentucky, and then went into pneumonia and Mom lived only six months after him."

"Left you alone, heh?" Wampler inquired sympathetically.

"No, I got a kid sister," Hattie told him.

"An actress, too?"

"No, indeed. Mom made me promise I'd never let her go into the show business," Hattie returned.

The town's chief male uplifter was becoming more and more interested in the friendly little blonde who was so frankly telling him her life's history.

"Gosh, you're a cute little trick!" he grinned. "It wouldn't do for me to be around you long."

Hattie sparkled.

"Aw—are you married, Mr. Wampler?"

"No, I'm a lonely old bach, but I've got a mighty fine business," he told her with all the pride of the self-made man.

The little actress made no attempt to hide her interest in this statement.

"You have? What business are you in?"

The man hesitated a minute.

"Why, I'm a mor—I'm in the furniture business, but I made most of my money in side lines."

"Oh, Mr. Wampler," Hattie dimpled, "there is something I want to ask you. Would you be interested in going into the show business?"

"What do you mean?" he questioned, puzzled.

Hattie had promised, so she did her best to make the proposition as attractive as possible.

"Well, to be a manager-like. Ed Blondell said I might speak to you about putting up some coin and being part owner of the show."

"Is there any money in it?" Wampler asked calculatingly.

"Well, I never was in a *Tom* show that made money," Hattie told him quite frankly, "but you might get a lot of fun out of it."

"I would never get any fun out of losing money," he admitted. "From the way you talk, this troupe must be in pretty bad shape."

The girl made no attempt to hide their true condition.

"We're up against it," she explained. "We haven't had salaries for a month and there is talk about attaching the car. But, if a good business man like you took hold of it, I'm sure—"

"Nope, I don't think I care about the show business," he told her with an air of finality.

BUT, if Newton Wampler didn't care about the show business, he was obviously beginning to care about one of its members. Quite forgetting that Jane Truxton was waiting for him at the stage door, he expressed his desire to become better acquainted. Hattie reminded him that they were leaving in an hour and he volunteered to run over to the garage and get his "bus" and take

her to the station. Hattie consented to this arrangement with the proviso that she'd be permitted to take a friend along. If actresses were as nice as this little blonde girl, Wampler figured quickly, he certainly wouldn't object to knowing two of them. What was his surprise, then, when he returned a few minutes later, leaving the "bus" chugging away at the stage door, to be introduced by Hattie to Mal Thorne, a handsome young lad who, divested of his black wig and whiskers, bore no resemblance whatever to the *Simon Legree* he had seen on the stage a short time before, as the friend who was to share the ride to the station. Wampler was obviously not pleased; neither was Mal, for trudging along to the station, arm in arm with Hattie, was one of the bright spots of this one-night-stand life. But the girl had smoothed over similar situations before. Mal was jealous, she knew that. She knew, also, that his jealousy rose from his great love for her and, in such a case, a woman, even one as young as Hattie, is willing to overlook much. Her attempt to clear the atmosphere by a steady flow of gay chatter was interrupted by the whirlwind entrance of a frail little girl who ran to Hattie's arms for protection with the breathless explanation:

"There's a fellow out there that looks like a cop and he started after me and I ran ahead."

"And who have we here?" Wampler asked in surprise.

Hattie was in the act of introducing the little sister, Oriole, when Jeff Morgan, the town constable, appeared in the doorway.

"That's the man that chased me," the child explained in terror, pointing to the new arrival.

"Ain't that the youngster we've been looking for?" Morgan turned to the speechless Wampler for information.

"What's she done?" Mal came forward and placed an arm protectingly around the frightened little girl.

"Aint' you told them about it, Newt?" the constable asked in amazement.

Then the light dawned, but not fully—it never did where Newton Wampler was concerned.

"Gosh, I get it!" he exclaimed. "That's the kid you saw down at the station when the train pulled in."

"And what of it?" Mal inquired aggressively.

"Don't you know that all kids under sixteen have to go to school?" Morgan demanded. "That's the law of Kansas and you show folks have no business side-stepping it."

"How can I send her to school when we're traveling all the time?" Hattie asked fearfully.

"We've got a special institution for just such cases," the constable informed her with pride.

"Oh, Mr. Wampler"—Hattie crossed to his side—"you won't let them do that, will you? You're one of the head officers—they'll do just what you say. It'd about kill me if I had to leave her behind."

The tears in Hattie's voice had nothing to do with her ability as an actress. Newton Wampler felt it and it touched a chord in his own heart.

"Well, what do you say, Jeff, if we let the kid go?" he suggested to the constable.

"Can't do it, Newt," Morgan told him. "You see, Mrs. Truxton is the president and I'm responsible to her."

Wampler was silent a moment.

"Ask her to come in here," he decided. "Maybe, when she meets these folks, she'll change her mind."

But in reality his words were more hopeful than his thoughts. He had known Jane Truxton for years—and he knew she seldom changed her mind. Then a solution to the whole trying situation came with the entrance of a stage hand to load on the truck the large hamper of costumes that stood in a corner of Hattie's dressing-room. The plan was a bright one and even Wampler, himself, marveled at it.

"Put the kid in there," he directed quickly, "and let them carry her out."

And so, when the president of the Child Welfare League—much against her better judgment—entered the dressing-room, all set to perform her duty, no matter how painful it might be, she found these strange people did not interrupt their process of moving, even in deference to her presence. First a large battered, but still very serviceable, trunk was dragged through the doorway, then a large hamper was taken out right under her nose. And, when she sent Jeff Morgan for the child, who quite obviously must be hiding in one of the other rooms of that den of iniquity, she was forced to take his report that the little girl was missing. How she could have been spirited away when he himself had never left the corridor he was at a loss to explain. And Jane Truxton had one defeat to incorporate in her yearly report—that is, if she found it necessary to mention the unfortunate occurence, at all. She was puzzled a bit, too, by the strange look in the eyes of Newton Wampler. Then she decided she must watch him more closely, not throw him in temptation's way—he was becoming a little too friendly with those show folks.

AND, if Mrs. Truxton could have followed Wampler's car as it sped over the country road several evenings that week to the towns in which the *Uncle Tom* troupe was showing, she would have formed a brand new society for the uplift of her co-worker. Hattie Hartley was extremely grateful for the man's help in getting Oriole safely out of Hiawatha and she could not keep from showing that gratitude when she found him waiting for her at the stage door with offers to drive her to the next stand. Mal remonstrated with her, especially on the Sunday when she went riding with her new admirer, but Hattie figured they would soon be out of reach of Wampler's private bus line, so why hurt the feelings of the man who had stood by her when she needed his help?

ABOUT a week after the Hiawatha showing, the *Uncle Tom* troupe woke up one morning to find their car on a siding in a little jerkwater junction, instead of at the station in Clay Center where they were to show that night. They soon learned that there were washouts ahead, the bridge was down and the whole section of the country was at the mercy of a raging flood. And, not many minutes after they had received this discouraging news, they discovered that their manager, Ed Blondell, had left them stranded, he, himself, having sold Violet, the bloodhound of the show, for a motor ride to Center Junction where he could catch the through Limited back to civilization. No one who has never been stranded can understand the feelings of the players. To be sure, they had the scenery and costumes, they had the car,

When Hattie donned the golden curls of little Eva and Mal took off Simon Legree's moustache, they looked just like a couple of kids.

but they didn't have the price of a meal among them—and even Violet was gone. What good did it do to call the absconding manager every descriptive name in the theatrical dictionary? What benefit was it that Mal assured the company he knew why they had gone on the rocks—because Blondell had boohooed his idea of having street parades?

"Well, cheer up, Big Boy," the *Uncle Tom* of the troupe told him. "You're going to get all the parading you want right now."

And then Oriole, who didn't quite understand what it was all about, broke in upon the conference with an excited cry of:

"Oh, there is Mr. Wampler over at the garage and he's got his car with him. Maybe he's going to give us a ride and we won't have to walk home."

"Gee, Hat," Connie, the *Eliza* of the company, cried in relief, "that bird was sure sent straight from heaven!"

"Maybe he'll stake us if you ask him to," Dave, the general utility man, suggested.

So, with one dissenting vote, that of Mal Thorne, it was decided that Hattie should use her influence to get her pals out of the hole in which Ed Blondell had so heartlessly left them and, with one regretful, backward glance at the dejected Mal, the star of the troupe made her way across the track from the *Uncle Tom* car and joined Newton Wampler on the steps of the garage. Briefly she told him the plight they were in.

"What will they do now," he queried, "go to their homes?"

"That's just it," she informed him. "They haven't got the price of a ticket or even a meal. Don't you see they're stranded?"

"What about yourself?" the man asked.

"Oh, I'm not thinking about myself so much," Hattie told him, "but they seem so helpless."

"But you must think of yourself and I got a way out for you." The girl's eyes brightened. A way out for her would be a way out for her pals. "You don't have to stay in this rotten business, traveling with a lot of low-down actors and sleeping on shelves. Why, good clothes and a fine life would make a different person out of you. You see, I'm a business man and I have plenty of cash. Let's you and me get down to cases. I'll make you a little proposition."

Hattie looked up at him suspiciously. Those words had gained a strange familiarity during her years in the show business.

"A proposition?" she repeated.

"Yes," he told her. "I guess you know what I mean."

Hattie hesitated.

"No, I don't think I do."

"What do you suppose I've been following you all around the country for? You don't think I'm stuck on seeing 'Uncle Tom's Cabin', do you? I've been studying you. You appeal to me. Come on, now, what would you say if I were to ask you to—marry me? You wouldn't mind giving up this business and living in a decent home, having your own bath tub and big closets? And it would mean keeping your little sister away from the show business and giving her a decent education. Well, what do you say?"

Hattie had expected something different and it took a few minutes before the full purport of his proposal sank in. Then a smile chased the look of apprehension from her eyes.

"Well, of course, I appreciate your asking me, Mr. Wampler. Any girl would feel honored, but—well, I can't make up my mind all of a sudden, can I?"

The man assured her there was no necessity for haste and Hattie raised her head in relief at not having to make an immediate decision. As she did so, the *Uncle Tom* car came within her view, the entire troupe on the platform, gazing anxiously at her, trying to divine what success she was having with her mission. The sight brought home to her the necessity for prompt action.

"Don't you think you could help the company out, anyway?" she suggested.

"Suppose I did take care of them," he asked, "send them back to where they want to go, all of them, would that make any difference in your feelings for me?"

"Oh, Mr. Wampler!" She threw her arms around him and kissed him impetuously, a sort of advance pay-

"There, there, honey, you just stick to me and we'll work it out together."

ment for his kindness to her friends.

The embrace was more than Mal could stand. Jumping from the platform of the car, he dashed across the intervening space and, confronting Wampler, ordered him to leave. But the man stood his ground. He had come to see Hattie and would go only upon her request. The girl begged for a few moments alone with the enraged boy. Then she explained to Mal that what she had done was out of gratitude for his offer to help the company.

"He didn't mean anything wrong," she concluded.

"Oh, no, these small-town Johns never do!" the boy sneered. "They think every actress is just a—"

"Now wait a minute," Hattie interrupted. "How would you like to know that Mr. Wampler asked me to marry him?"

"But you're not going to do it?" Mal gasped, horror-stricken.

"It would serve you right, always wanting to fight and insulting everybody just because they want to help us out."

"Oh, gee, I know I've got a rotten disposition," he admitted contritely. "But how would you feel if you found some one trying to grab the only thing you loved in the world? And, anyway, can you imagine what it would be like, married to a guy like that, sitting up nights reading a Sears Roebuck catalogue?"

"It would mean a home, anyway," Hattie said wistfully, "maybe a bath tub all my own and a bed that stands still in one spot, and I could send Oriole to school and give her a decent education, something I never had."

"Gee, I know how you feel, Hat," Mal conceded, "but some day I'll be able to do all this for you, too."

"Oh, when?" the girl asked.

"When my ship comes in." How often she had received the same answer, given with the same confidence! "Oh, I'm going to amount to something, you'll see."

"Oh, Mal," she breathed, "oh, I wish I didn't love you so!"

"There, there, honey"—he patted her arm—"you just stick to me and you'll come out all right. Send this guy back to Hiawatha where he belongs and you and I will work it out together."

"All right, Mal," she consented, for it was just what she wanted to do, "but I'll have to square it with the troupe."

"What do they have to do with it?" Mal demanded.

"You see, they're kind of depending on me to get them out of it," she explained. "Mr. Wampler won't do anything if I send him away and I can't let them stay stranded like this, not pals I've been with the whole season. I've got to do something."

"But what can you do?" he asked wonderingly.

"I hate to think of it, but I guess I'll have to dig into that money I saved up for Oriole."

"That's crazy," he told her, "and, besides, I couldn't let you have it now, anyway."

Something in his manner aroused the girl's suspicion. Only a few days before, after much coaxing, she had given her precious treasure into his keeping on his assurance that he could positively turn the two hundred into a thousand.

"Why not?" she demanded, dreading his answer.

"Don't let's talk about that now," he evaded. "Get rid of that fellow first."

"Mal, you haven't lost it?" she persisted.

"Oh, no, no, I haven't lost it—exactly," he stammered.

"You have! I can see it in your face!" she accused. "All that money I skimped and saved for Oriole—and now you've lost it. All these years I've been living in a trunk, playing in halls or skating rinks, under canvas or over livery stables, eating out of bum joints that weren't fit for a dog, just doing everything to get money enough to keep my promise to Mom and—and now you've lost it."

"I'm sorry, Hat," he said sadly, "but I'll get it back."

"Oh, yes, you will—just the way you were going to roll the two hundred into a thousand! And I trusted you! I let it get away from me! Oh, what a fool I've been, what a fool!"

Before the boy could stop her, she called to Wampler and the next minute she had promised to marry him that very day. The company was in high spirits when she broke the news. Of course, they were sorry to lose their little star, but it meant a way out for all of them, for Wampler promised to have the car taken at once to Hiawatha, from whence they could all go to their several homes at his expense. Mal was sunk in the depths of despair. If only he hadn't invested the two hundred on a sure tip! If only he had amounted to something! Well, it was too late now! But he would do it, anyway! He'd make good! He'd show Hattie what she missed just because she lacked confidence in him!

And, oddly enough, he found his chance waiting for him that very day in Hiawatha. The local K of P wanted to do something to relieve the flood sufferers and there was the *Uncle Tom* troupe right at hand. Mal was just in the mood to put his whole soul into the sales talk he gave to the head of that organization on an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" benefit performance, half of the proceeds for the sufferers, half for the stranded troupe, a parade with the band from the colored orphanage leading. But what about Eva? Far better a "Hamlet" without the melancholy Dane than an *Uncle Tom* without his golden-haired angel child. Hattie had deserted the troupe. At that very moment she was donning an improvised wedding gown and veil over at the local hotel. But there was little Oriole. She had been traveling with the company ever since she was a baby. A little coaching, her sister's clothes, some handbills advertising her as the infant prodigy, and, lo, the trick would be turned!

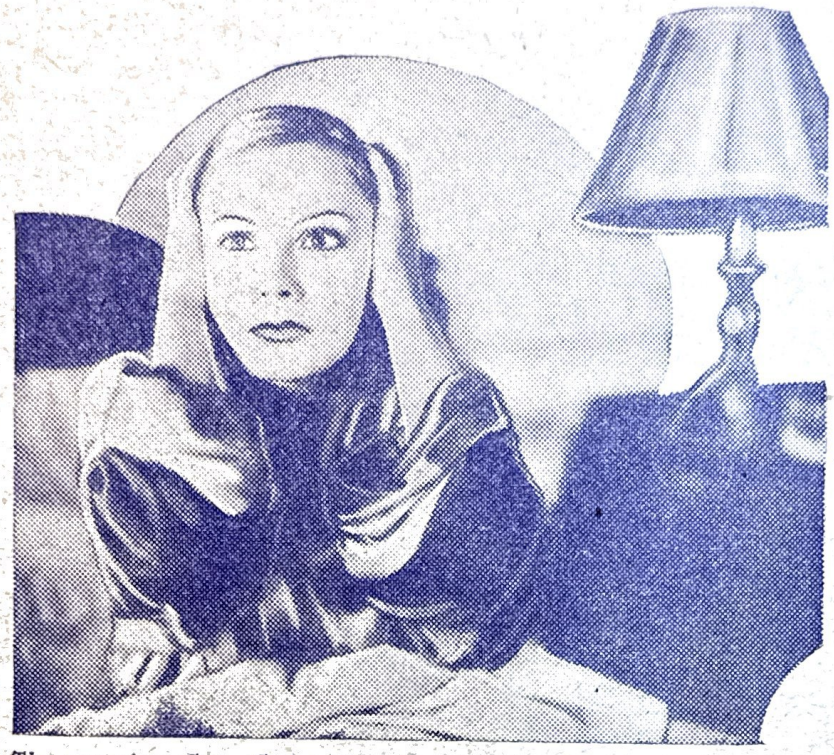
THE entire troupe was over at the hotel, guests at their star's wedding. The minister had his prayer book open, waiting for Hattie's entrance from an adjoining room to begin the service, when Dave, the stage hand, dashed in with the startling news of the performance, of the parade that was waiting for them to start. They were troupers all and, before the startled prospective bridegroom realized what had happened, his guests had departed en masse. When Hattie entered, she found the room empty save for Wampler and the preacher. Then she heard the news—Oriole was advertised to appear! A second later, veil flying to the wind, she was running from the hotel to the station. In the company car she found Mal rehearsing Oriole while the women of the troupe were hastily ramsacking her trunk for *Little Eva's* golden curls and wardrobe.

"What right have you got to put Oriole in that part?"

(*Continued on page 25*)

That's That

By Ruth Rand



The mysterious Greta Garbo, the screen's princess of fascination, is now at work on her first talkie, "Anna Christie". Who wouldn't look worried at the prospect of appearing in public in a brand new language?

THE admirers of Lillian Gish, who is soon to start work in her first all talking picture, "The Swan", may be surprised to learn that she has made only ten pictures in ten years.

With the exception of Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Miss Gish is the one great film personality who has been able to appear before the camera but once a year and still retain her popularity. The only pictures that she has made in the past decade are "Broken Blossoms", "Way Down East," "Orphans of the Storm," "The White Sister," "Romola," "La Boheme," "The Scarlet Letter," "Annie Laurie," "The Enemy" and "The Wind".

In "The Swan", Miss Gish is to give a characterization totally different from anything she has ever attempted. No longer will she be the wistful, demure type of heroine, but an ultra-fashionably dressed, wordly young princess whose love affairs will startle the Gish fans of a few years ago. Rod La Rocque and Conrad Nagel are among the film celebrities signed for rôles in support of the star.

* * *

RICHARD BARTHELMESS recently signed a new contract with First National Pictures, Inc., adding two years more to the period covered by his previous agreement. This means that Barthelmess will continue to be a First National star at least until March, 1933, which will be a record for any star's length of service with one producing company. He has been a First National star since the production of "Tol'able David" in 1921. His current picture is "Young Nowheres" and at present he is working on "Son of the Gods" at the First National Studio in California.

* * *

ONE of the funniest scenes in "Strictly Modern", Dorothy Mackaill's next First National picture, occured by accident. The blonde star bumped her head and said, "Ouch!" Neither the action nor the speech was called for by the script, but it amused Director William A. Seiter and everyone else on the set so much that the public will get a chance to laugh at it, too.

* * *

IF THE use of sound proof buildings and devices continues to increase in Hollywood, the film city will soon become one of the quietest places of its size in the world.

Sound proofing, which was developed to keep out extraneous noises from talking picture sets, is now being employed to silence other objectional rackets. Amateur inventors, studio officials and the general popuplace are bending their thoughts to ways of silencing everything from the rattle of trucks to the cat who prowls at midnight on the back fence.

First National-Vitaphone Studios were first to see the possibilities in padding noises. The song writers, who formerly composed their potential hits in a stucco building near the administration offices, have now been placed in a sound-proof structure. Their numbers may have been beautiful to hear when they were finished, but, in giving birth to them, the writers were annoying other workers with the constant jangle.

Chorus girls of "No, No, Nanette" and other musical talkies now rehearse in a sound-proof room and an addition is being built where singers can practice their "do, re, me's". The place is referred to as the "padded cell" because of the swaths of wool and other soft material used to deaden the sound.

Sound-proof camera boxes have been used on the sets for howling dogs, noisy parrots and clocks that are not being employed in the scene. Sometimes persons who talk more than they should are put in and locked up.

(Continued on page 31)

The campus meant fraternity dances, football games, track meets to

until one day she opened the book of love and life and—

Clasping Betty in his arms, Harvey murmured the love words she had so longed to hear.

The College Coquette

By ROSEMARY LEE

BETTY Forrester was a born flirt. She had vamped every boy in high school and upon graduation had promised to be true to each one of them. And now she was going to college—and college to Betty meant more worlds—of men—to conquer. On the way to Dexter in the sporty new roadster her father had just given her, she met a truck load of hilarious students bound in the same direction. Just as Betty was about to speed past them, one of the wheels of the truck flew off and the stalled wagon blocked her way. With a whoop of delight that they wouldn't have to walk the rest of the way to the campus grounds, a dozen of the boys dashed from the truck to the running board of Betty's little car. The next minute there was a snap of metal and Betty knew that the axle of her brand new machine had broken under the weight of the thoughtless college students. One of them promised to send back a towing car from the next garage and Betty sank down dejectedly at the wheel as the singing, laughing group marched merrily down the road.

A quarter of an hour later, a genial, friendly voice, owned by a tall, handsome young man who drove up alongside Betty, asked if he could be of any assistance in her present predicament. With a grateful little laugh, the girl assured him that he could and helped him transfer her bags from her own broken car to his modest little machine. Before they reached the college gates, Betty had learned much—her escort was Harvey Porter, the college coach, his fraternity was the best on the campus, he took life seriously and assumed that the only reason any of the young people decided upon college life was for the sake of higher education. Betty marvelled to herself that anyone so handsome, so endowed by nature for the rôle of social hero, should take work so seriously. Of course, she was careful not to air her own views, for, somehow, she wanted the good opinion of this quiet, studious young man.

BUT, in the opening days of the term, Harvey Porter came gradually to realize that the pretty golden-haired girl he had rescued from the stalled car that day was just a dainty butterfly, flitting through life and college with just enough studying to keep her from being expelled. She was the center of every social gathering; students vied with one another to escort her to fraternity dances and the college games. Perhaps it was only natural, he tried to excuse her to himself, that sparkling youth, so evidently spoiled by wealthy, doting parents, should take life so lightly but, one day when in the locker room of the gymnasium he heard the students boasting that

This is an adaptation of Columbia Pictures' screen presensation of the story by Ralph Graves. Harry Cohn produced the picture and George Archainbaud directed, with Ruth Taylor appearing as Betty Forrester, William Collier, Jr., as Tom Marion, Jobyna Ralston as Doris Marlow, John Holland as Harvey Porter and Adda Gleason as Ethel Forrester.

they had all been out with Betty Forrester, he determined to put her out of his mind. Then, for the first time, he realized how many of his thoughts had centered about the little butterfly since their first meeting.

It was at a fraternity dance, which, according to his usual custom, Porter attended to be sure that the members of his various athletic teams were obeying the ten o'clock training rule, that he came across her down at the lake, trying to persuade Slim, one of the students, to forget the rules and stay until the end of the dance. Without any compunction, Porter broke in on their little tête-à tête.

"Slim, you know what time it is?" he asked sternly.

"Springtime," the boy answered without thinking.

"It's bedtime," the coach informed him, "so hustle along home."

Slim obeyed. He knew, when Harvey Porter spoke in that tone of voice, he meant it.

"I suppose you're proud of yourself, bullying that poor boy." Betty looked saucily at him as they stood there together by the moonlit lake.

"Not so proud as you are, making a fool of him," he returned. "You think you can get away with anything just because you have lovely eyes, lovely hair—"

'Oh, Mr. Porter, you really think so?" Betty interrupted delightedly.

"You conceited little fool!" he told her sternly. "The only reason girls like you come to college is because you're man-crazy. You cheapen college and yourself. You think you're popular but you're just a subject for loose talk. Suppose some deecnt man were in love with you, how would he like to hear your name bandied about the way I heard yours the other day in the locker room?"

Betty was silent and her eyes were downcast. She was thoroughly ashamed of herself. From that very first day, she had wanted this man's good opinion more than she had wanted anything else in her care-free young life and now this is what he thought of her!

"I guess you're right," she said finally. "But I want to tell you this—everything I've done that you condemn me for I've done because of you." The man looked his surprise. 'You're the only one I ever cared about," she hurried on. "I wanted to make you jealous. That's the reason I brought Slim out here tonight." He looked at her incredulously. "Won't you believe me?" she begged.

She was so appealing in her pure white evening gown, her hair an aureole of gold around her wistful face. Even the memory of her had stirred his heart from that first day. Now, as she stood before him, frankly confessing that she cared for him, that she had been struggling in her youthful way to arouse some show of interest on his part, he was completely swept off his feet. Clasping her in his arms, he buried his face in the gold of her hair and murmured the love words she had so longed to hear. Betty raised her face and her eyes were shining.

"Harvey, I'll never look at another man, I'll never go anywhere. Please take me home."

BUT it seems at times that fate in the game of hearts takes a mischievous delight in stacking the cards against the young players. When Betty returned home that night, she found that her room-mate, Doris Marlowe, a girl from her home town, of her own age in years but a whole decade younger in knowledge of the world, owing to her mother's constant endeavor to keep her in ignorance of life, had gone off to a party in Tom Marion's apartment. Betty knew Tom, she knew his parties, she also knew that little Dorrie was hopelessly in love with the thoughtless college boy whose feelings for her went no deeper than a keen enjoyment in having discovered such innocence in the twentieth century. There was always plenty to drink at Tom's parties and Dorrie, in her desire to be like the rest of the guests, might indulge too freely.

Why should Dorrie leave Tom when she was having such a fine time?

Betty was frankly worried. Her own inclination was to stay at home and dream of the man who had just held her in his arms and told her that he loved her. But her affection for her friend led her to hurry over to Tom Marion's apartment. As she expected, the hilarity was at its height and her first glimpse of Dorrie told her her fears had not been unfounded. She begged her to go home with her but the girl flatly refused. Why should she leave her Tom when she was having such a fine time? Then Betty used her last weapon. She had been the life of the party too many times not to know exactly how it was done. She sang for them, she danced for them and she vamped Tom Marion with all the wiles she knew so well. The unsophisticated little Dorrie was completely overshadowed by her scintillating roommate. Tom scarcely realized that the other girl existed until he felt a pull at his arm and found her looking up at him with tear brimmed eyes.

"Tom, she's just trying to take you away from me,"

There was the girl who a short hour before had promised never to look at another man, never to go anywhere again.

she told him, a sob in her voice. "You dance with me, or I'm going home."

"Well, go ahead," he told her, the liquor he had consumed wiping away all pretense of manliness. "Who cares?"

Betty had just finished the latest jazz song, "I Want to be Good and Bad," and had swung herself back into Tom's arms when, from the corner of her eye, she saw her roommate drag herself wearily to the door. That was just what she had hoped for. When this dance was finished, she would leave, too, and overtake her on the way to the dormitory. But, even as Dorrie passed through the door, someone else entered, Harvey Porter, for it was past midnight and the sound of hilarity from Tom Marion's apartment had led him there to see if any of the boys in training were breaking rules. The sight met his eyes brought an angry flush to his cheeks, there, in the midst of the group of half-drunken col- students, was the girl who a short hour before had promised never to look at another man, never to go anywhere.

"So this is the way you keep your word!" he flashed at her before his glance covered the group and became aware of the fact that almost to a man they were supposed to be obeying strict training rules. "There is no place on the teams for a bunch of rotters like you," he told them angrily. "Turn in your outfits tomorrow."

He started to leave the apartment but Betty was at side and stopped him in the foyer.

"Please, Harvey," she pleaded, "I can explain it all."

"I don't want to listen to you," he returned. "You don't even know the meaning of common decency."

With that he was gone and Betty's shoulders slumped as if she had become suddenly weary. She knew that he would never give her an opportunity to explain and, even if he did, there was little hope that she could make him believe her story, so frivolous had been her conduct all the time he had known her.

When she arrived at her room with the feeling for the first time in her life that her little world had crumbled around her, she found Dorrie sobbing hysterically as she packed her belongings.

"You weren't satisfied to have every boy in Dexter at your heels," she stormed as soon as she became aware of Betty's presence, "you had to take Tom, too, the only one I ever cared for. I'm going to live with Edna. I never want to speak to you again."

THE first semester at Dexter dragged slowly to its end for two of the students. College activities had lost their interest for Betty Forrester since the night of Tom Marion's party and Dorrie was eating out her heart for the boy who never came to see her now, never called her on the phone and managed to be engrossed in something in the other direction when he passed her on the campus.

"Oh, Betty," Edna reported one day, "she doesn't eat or sleep and she's been that way for weeks."

Betty was frankly worried. Dorrie and she had been schoolmates ever since the early kindergarten days and her own heartache enabled her to sympathize more completely with the weaker girl. That very afternoon she called at the room which Dorrie still shared with Edna.

"Can't we make up?" she asked gently, going over to the pale little creature lying listlessly among the pillows on the couch, endeavoring to concentrate on the next day's lessons. "There is no use of our going on like this. We can't break a friendship that's endured so many years, just on account of a little misunderstanding. I don't care anything about Tom, I never did. I was only trying to protect you."

Dorrie put a slender hand in one of her friend's and smiled sadly. The tears were too near the surface for her to speak. And, the very next day, upon a reprimand from Harvey Porter for arriving late at the gymnasium lesson, she crumpled to the floor in a faint. Then Betty became the constant attendant upon her little friend. She coaxed her to eat, she brought her books and danities, but in no way could she awaken a show of interest.

"All this won't do me any good, Betty," Dorrie told her frankly one day. "I've got to see Tom."

"Haven't you any pride?" Betty asked. "If he wanted to see you, he would come here of his own accord."

"I don't care, I've got to see him," the other girl insisted.

Betty begged her to rest a while, for she was looking particularly wan and tired. She, herself, had to go out for a few minutes on an errand.

THE errand was to Tom Marion's apartment, its object was to ask the boy to call on Dorrie.

"I don't want to be annoyed with her," the callous youth told her. "She took me too seriously. I don't love her; I never did."

At these words there was a little gasp of pain from the doorway and Dorrie who, the moment Betty had

left her alone, had hurried over to Tom's apartment, sped quickly down the hallway as if fleeing from the sound of the boy's heartless words. She reached the automatic elevator, slid the door back and plunged down the shaft to the ground, four stories below.

Betty was the first one to reach her side. Pillowing the poor crushed little body in her arms, she bent over to hear the girl's whispered words:

"Tell Tom—I forgive him. Oh, Betty, I loved him so. Mother didn't understand. She thought she was protecting me. Promise you'll never let her know."

OF course, Tom Marion was questioned by the college authorities about the events that led up to the accident. Girl visitors were not allowed in the boys' rooms—unless properly chaperoned at parties. The breaking of this rule was a serious offense and the faculty showed no mercy in grilling the boy. He called at Betty's dormitory on his way from the faculty meeting. He was a changed Tom now, sobered, saddened by the result of his own thoughtlessness.

"I told the story just as you wanted me to," he informed Betty.

The girl put her hand in his with a friendly little gesture.

"Thanks, Tom," she said gently. "That's the least we can do for Dorrie now." The boy hesitated. "They want to see you." He nodded in the direction of the faculty building. "I wish there was something I could do to help you." Betty smiled at him gratefully as she prepared to leave for the questioning, the result of which she knew only too well.

She told her story quietly, unflinchingly.

"Dorrie didn't approve of my going to Mr. Marion's apartment. That night she went there, she tried to persuade me to leave. I wouldn't listen to her and she hurried away. In her absorption, she did not notice that the elevator was not at that floor and in the semi-darkness she stepped off into space.

Four floors below they found Dorrie's crumpled little body.

"Under the circumstances," the Dean told her, "it is best that you do as Mr. Marion did, leave Dexter of your own accord."

The girl bowed to their decision and with head erect walked from the room. But her heart was filled to overflowing and tears blurred her vision of the campus as she slowly descended the steps of the white marble building. With head lowered so that she might not have to recognize any of her classmates she might meet, she walked right into some one, an immovable some one who, much to her surprise, made no attempt to step aside. She raised her head and gazed into the eyes of Harvey Porter, fixed understandingly upon her own.

"'Betty, can you ever forgive me?" he asked gently. "Tom told me everything."

The girl forced a strange little laugh to her lips in a brave attempt to cover a sob.

"I am going to miss Dexter—more than anyone will miss me. I guess I wasn't much credit to the college."

And right there and then, unmindful of the stray student who might be making his belated way to the college library, Harvey Porter put his arms about her and pressed her close to him.

"You don't have to leave Dexter, sweetheart," he said. "Stay here—with me."

And Betty, who had left home with the idea of finding a merry life on a college campus, knew that she had accidentally stumbled into Paradise.

Betty had accidentally stumbled into Paradise.

Billie Brown, lovely, popular leader of the younger set, was an outstanding example of

Our Modern Maidens

but, when love knocked at the door of her heart, she found that down deep she was just an old-fashioned girl.

By JEAN PENNINGTON

(Upon leaving college, Billie Brown, the most popular girl on the campus, became engaged to Gil Jordan, a fine, ambitious young chap who had studied for the diplomatic service. Billie insisted that they keep their engagement a secret until Gil received his appointment to the Embassy at Paris. The boy laughed at her for aiming so high but she insisted it would be Paris—if she had to start another war to accomplish her end. On the train going home from college, she made the acquaintance of Glenn Abbott, politically influential, invited him to her house party and, by a cleverly conducted flirtation, secured the appointment, convincing the man that it was merely a favor she wished to do a college friend. And, while Billie was devoting herself to Glenn, Kentucky, a lovely, blonde Southern girl, who was visiting her for the summer, spent many hours in Gil's company, giving him freely of her love, not knowing of the relationship existing between him and her dearest friend until it was too late. As soon as Gil obtained his appointment, announcement was made of the coming marriage. That same afternoon, Billie kept her engagement to go driving with Glenn Abbott. A heavy storm came up and the man made all speed to his lodge in the hills. Thoroughly ashamed of what she had done and half frightened at Glenn's unbending attitude during the drive, Billie went into the bedroom to remove her wet clothing and put on the dry robe he had laid out for her. She had just made the change when he entered the room and, clasping her in his arms, pressed his lips to hers in a long lingering kiss.)

* * *

TEARS dimmed Billie's eyes and flowed unheeded down her cheeks. Suddenly Glenn released her and his hands dropped to his side. She gave him a grateful look as she whispered breathlessly:

"I knew you were—too decent."

"It's not decency," he retorted. "I just don't want you." He turned from her and strolled to the door. At the threshold he paused and his contemptuous glance swept her from head to foot. "And I thought I loved you—YOU!"

MEANTIME, at the Brown home, Kentucky cozily ensconced on a divan with no thought of the storm that raged without, was strumming a ukulele—and Gil was comfortably lounging at her side. She stopped playing and a sweet tender smile lighted her eyes as she gazed into those of the boy who was feasting on her fresh young beauty. In answer he leaned over until his head almost rested on her shoulder.

"You're a sweet kid, Kentucky," he whispered. "Next to Billie, you're the sweetest I know."

She was still gazing at him gratefully when Billie's rapid steps were heard crossing the living-room. Without a glance at the two who had risen at her entrance, she passed up the stairs to her own room.

"She didn't speak to us," Gil commented wonderingly.

A cloud passed over his companion's face as she tossed the ukulele on the pillows and followed her friend. She found Billie in her own room, divesting herself of her damp clothing. Kentucky went over to her and placed an affectionate arm on her shoulder.

"Kentucky baby," Billie said gravely, "I hope you'll never know how it feels to be ashamed." The younger girl looked up at her in surprise. "Keep your dreams and ideals," her friend continued. "You'll be so happy when you meet the man you love."

THE days flew by in preparation for the wedding which would be one of the outstanding social events of the season. The bridal attendants belonged to the most prominent social set and the newspapers gave much space to the coming nuptials. Outwardly, Billie assumed the rôle of prospective bride with the gayety and zest that characterized all her relationships with life. Yet, alone in her own room, the laughter faded from her eyes to be replaced by a look that would have told even the most casual observer that at last she had found a problem that could not be solved with her usual brass-band methods. Often, as the last rays of the sun were ushering in the quiet of dusk, her glance wandered to the hillside where the lodge of Glenn Abbott nestled in solitude. When night fell, it became lost in the darkness of the trees, for no friendly lights now shone from its windows.

"Too bad Glenn Abbott left for the Argentine," Ginger, who was one of the bridesmaids, commented as the girls were making ready for the ceremony. "It would be so sweet to see his agonized face at your wedding." Billie's usual prompt retort was missing and Ginger gazed at her in surprise as she continued, "Do you think he'll ever come back?"

Her hostess started to speak, then turned and went quickly from the room.

THE bridesmaids were all dressed and Billie was putting the finishing touches to her veil when the door burst open and Kentucky, still in her sport suit of the early morning, entered in nervous haste.

"What's the matter? I thought you were a 'modern'."

"Why, Kentucky baby," Billie exclaimed, hurrying over to her friend, "you're not ready."

The younger girl, who was to be maid of honor, fingered a box she held in her hand.

"I remembered you had nothing blue," she explained breathlessly. "A bride has to have something blue, so I went shopping and found this pin."

She placed the box in Billie's hands and hastily removed her hat and jacket.

"This is the first time a maid of honor ever had the nerve to keep a bride waiting," the unquenchable Ginger commented, her gray-green eyes fastened on the two girls as if she would fathom some hidden meaning in the circumstance.

Kentucky rushed from the room and lost no time in making up for her lateness. She was placing the blue flowered picture hat on her golden bob when Billie entered and fastened a bracelet on the wrist of her dearest friend. As she did so, she accidentally brushed against Kentucky's purse which was lying on the dresser, knocking it to the floor and spilling its contents on the rug. With a stifled cry, the younger girl kneeled down and gathered up the usual collection of compacts, change, cards and letters. Her face was pale and her hands trembled.

"Why, Kentucky," Billie exclaimed wonderingly, "I've never seen you act like this before." She put her arm around her and pressed her lips lightly to the girl's cheek. "You must be happy today, dear," she said in the tone of sisterly affection she always used to her young Southern friend. "I'll throw my bridal bouquet to you."

Under pretext of adding a fresh layer of powder, Kentucky covered her face with the puff to hide the trembling of her lips. A moment later, outwardly calm, she joined the bridesmaids waiting in the outer room for the first strains of the wedding march. As the procession pro-

"Why, Kentucky, you are not dressed yet!"

ceeded down the palm-lined aisle, no one noticed the sorrow-wide eyes of the maid of honor, for the attention of each guest was focused upon the coming entrance of the bride. The minister began the ceremony and the sorrow changed to hopelessness as Kentucky's gaze fastened upon the face of the grave youthful bridegroom who stood at the side of her dearest friend.

"If there be one among you that knows any reason why this man and this woman should not be joined in holy wedlock, let him speak now or forever after hold his peace," the minister's voice echoed through the stillness of the room.

Kentucky's lips trembled, but no sound came from them.

The ceremony, as short as it was, seemed endless to the two principals and the lovely maid of honor. But finally it was over and the guests crowded around the couple to offer their congratulations. Kentucky, taking advantage of the confusion, stole away to her own room to fight the hardest battle that had come into her young life. Only when her name was called by Billie and the bridesmaids did she again appear in the drawing room. She found the bride already on the stairs, clasping her bouquet in her hands, waiting for Kentucky's appearance before throwing it to the expectant group, laughing up at her from the floor below. With the sure aim of the athletically trained college girl, she hurled it so that it should have fallen into the arms of the maid of honor. But Kentucky made no movement to receive it and it fell on the floor at her feet and was laughingly snatched up by the girl standing next to her.

THE wedding breakfast over, Gil and Billie hastened to their own rooms to make ready for their trip. Though realizing the need for speed if they were to catch the train for New York that connected with the French liner, before removing her bridal veil Billie slowly approached her window and stood gazing out across the hills to the lodge that was reflecting the setting sun in sheets of gold. One farewell glance in which there was complete renunciation, then she turned and hastily donned her traveling suit. Glancing through the slightly ajar door of her room, she saw Kentucky and Gil standing in the hall outside, their hands clasped. Evidently the maid of honor was wishing the bridegroom a pleasant trip. Then, as Gil turned and went down the stairs, she saw Kentucky cover her face with her hands and rush blindly into her own room. Billie paused for a moment in wonder, then followed her friend. She found her stretched on the chaise longue, her face buried in the pillows, her body shaking with sobs. Billie leaned over her and begged her to explain what had happened but Kentucky only continued to sob. Then the older girl rushed to the table and, pouring out a glass of water, tried to induce her friend to drink it. Finally Kentucky rose to a sitting position, raised the glass in her hand, cried: "To romance!" pressed it to her lips, then flung it from her, crashing it against the opposite wall, and, with a hysterical laugh, again buried her face in the pillows. As Billie's eyes wandered to the dresser in search of something she might give the girl to soothe her nerves, she was attracted by a professional looking card on the rug where it had evidently dropped when she had upset Kentucky's purse before the ceremony. She crossed the floor and, picking it up, read:

"Your next appointment, Dr. Lawton, date 8/14, time 11.30 a.m., Mrs. Kentucky Stratford."

For only a moment did she stand gazing at the card, then she realized what had happened. Kentucky and Gil together on the divan the day she had returned from Glenn Abbott's lodge; Kentucky rushing into the room when all the rest of the bridal party was ready for the procession; Kentucky's absence from the laughing group that surrounded the newly married couple after the ceremony; Kentucky and Gil saying goodby a few moments before! How their intimacy had grown without her suspecting that there was anything deeper than a feeling of affection for the prospective husband of her best friend, she did not know. But the girl lying there among the pillows, convulsed with sobs, the card inscribed, "Mrs. Kentucky Strafford," told the story. She crossed to the chaise longue and knelt beside the weeping girl.

"I didn't want you to know, Billie," came in a smothered voice from the pillows. "I didn't want you ever to know." She flung her arms around the older girl's neck and clung to her hysterically.

MEANWHILE Gil, wondering what was keeping Billie from meeting him at the side entrance of the house as they had planned, went in search of her. At the door that connected Billie's room with Kentucky's, he paused, arrested by the sight of the two girls clasped in each other's arms. Almost simultaneously they became aware of a third presence. Kentucky scrambled up from the chaise longue and started blindly to make her escape. As she did, she ran right into the arms of Gil who had stepped further into the room. The feel of his clasp about her once more opened the flood gates and she sobbed:

"Gil, I tried to be so brave and now I've spoiled it all."

The boy's eyes wandered to the sorrow-stricken ones of his bride, then to the appointment card which Billie had dropped on the dresser—and he, too, understood.

"Kentucky dear"—it was Billie's voice, grown suddenly old and weary—"if only you had spoken—even an hour ago."

The girl raised her head and checked her sobs.

"I'm not going to spoil anything," she said bravely. "You and Gil must go away and be happy."

She crossed again to the chaise longue and sank down among the pillows like a tired child. Billie's sympathetic eyes followed her and she motioned to Gil to go to her. The boy crossed the room in a daze and, seating himself beside the weeping girl, placed his arms about her, murmuring:

"You brave little kid!"

With a sigh, Kentucky raised her head from the pillows and leaned against Gil's shoulder. Billie stood watching them in silence for a moment, then, with a wistful smile curling her lips, she murmured:

"Our big brass band—it didn't lead us very far, did it?" From the next room came the voice of B. Bickering Brown, calling to his daughter to hurry up, that the cameramen were waiting below. "All right, Dad," she called bravely. "I'll be ready in a minute." Then, with a hastily whispered caution to Gil and Kentucky, "No matter what happens, don't talk," she hurried out to join her father.

(Continued on page 30)

Consult Mystic Myra

She Sees All, Hears All, Knows All—And, If She Doesn't, She'll Find Out

Mary Doran planned to be a lawyer until Flo Ziegfeld showed her the error of her ways.

Raymond Hackett is a young old-timer, having started his career with the old Lubin Company

K.T.L.: Mary Doran in whom you are so much interested, was educated at Columbia University with the idea of following in dad's footsteps and becoming a lawyer. This idea, however, was nipped in the bud when Flo Ziegfeld engaged her for "Rio Rita". A year ago she went to Hollywood under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and since then he has been a busy little lady.

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Romantic: No, the fact that you read that Mary is returning from Europe without Doug does not mean there has been a rift in the Pickford-Fairbanks establishment. Mary is president of the Actor's Relief Fund and, of course, feels that she must be present to preside over that organization's charity ball. Therefore Doug must continue his round-the-world-trip without his lovely blonde little wife.

* * *

Betty: So you like Raymond Hackett's dimples and want to know whether they are all his own? Tut, tut, Betty, do you know of any possible way that he could borrow anyone else's? Secret! I know where he got them—from his mama, Florence Hackett. I am well acquainted with her and she has dimples just like Ray's; in fact, they run in the family, adorning the faces of Ray's wellknown sister and brother, Jeanette and Albert. The boy you admire so ardently is not, as you suggest, a newcomer to the stage and screen. When he was four years old, he made his stage debut in "The Toy Maker of Nuremberg" and, when he was eight, appeared as the boy with Maude Adams in "Peter Pan". Living in Philadelphia, the seat of the old Lubin Studio, he began acting before the camera at the age of eleven. So, you see, Ray is a young old-timer. We're glad you like his work. We do, too.

* * *

Lou: Yes, your little blonde favorite, Edna Murphy, is a New York girl. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she is "the pretty little thing" who was in your class in your early school days, though, of course, the name is not an unusual one and Edna is not the only daughter of Old Erin who is blessed with golden locks. Yes, again, she is married, the wife of Director Mervyn LeRoy, one of Hollywood's youngest megaphone men and, in addition, a nephew of Jesse Lasky of Paramount.

* * *

Ella: Edward Nugent is the son of Edward James Nugent, the stage director for whom you say your uncle worked some years ago. As a boy, young Edward went into the Metropolitan Grand Opera chorus where he was trained in all the arts and literary attainments of an opera singer. Although still a very young man, he has appeared in all the great operas. He ought to be a good bet for the "singies".

* * *

Tom T.: Yes, Harold Lloyd is in New York but I scarcely believe it was he you saw on Broadway, for those big glasses are not the actor's trademark in private life, just a part of his stage, or rather screen, make-up. Sorry to disappoint you.

* * *

Celia: Yes, Richard Arlen is married. His wife is Jobyna Ralston who has a reputation all her own in the screen world.

* * *

Country Girl: I would not advise you to risk going to Hollywood just because your friends tell you you talk like Helen Kane. Since this young lady's great success, there has become a vogue for this sort of thing both on and off the stage. However, one would have to go Helen one better before banking on stardom.

* * *

M. L.: You thought from her pictures in the papers that Helen Morgan is a brunette not a blonde? You are right. A wig does the trick in her first starring picture, "Applause".

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON NINETY-SIX (Reviewed)

For Your Sisters and Your Cousins and Your Aunts

AND, for the matter of that, I might add, for your brothers and your uncles, too. What do I mean? Why, jobs in the movies—if they can land them.

While you, yourselves, are interested in writing original stories for movie production, many of you slip it to me in your letters that other members of your families would like to get into studio work, as one correspondent puts it: "Not necessarily in the acting end, but in some one of the departments."

In an industry which has developed into the fourth largest in the United States and which employs over three hundred thousand people, it would seem that there must be some chances for those outsiders who want to get on the inside.

I take it that most of you are more interested in the production end than in the fields of distribution and exhibition.

Well, consider this production part, the studio and location side of the game. Of the acting part, we shall say little except that there are, of course, always chances for extras with ability to make good. The chances may not be many, but they do exist.

And there is the editorial or scenario department. Into this many men and women arrive by way of newspaper work which seems to be considered a good preparation for staff work in this department. And it may well be that it is, for newspaper work is so close to the realities of life that it prepares a man or a woman to know how to fictionize these realities for the screen.

But it is about the other activities that we are going to talk. A studio is rather like a miniature city and calls for all the activities of a real city. Almost every outside industry is represented there in one way or another.

Take the electrical industry, for instance. Skilled electricians are used in every studio in the lighting department and in other lines of mechanical electrical endeavor. If any member of your family is in the electrical line and prefers to do his work in a movie studio rather than in some industrial plant, it would seem as though he might get an opportunity.

In the camera department, boys frequently get jobs helping in some capacity and work up to be cameramen. One of the boys who used to carry negatives from the studio floor to the developing department down at Vitagraph when I was with that company is now a highly paid cameraman and very well satisfied with his job. Many cameramen have worked up in just the same way and many more boys will follow in their tracks, providing, of course, that, plus the opportunity, they have ability. And the job of cameraman is one of the most adventurous in the present-day film industry, especially that of cameraman for the news reels. Travel and adventure and a glimpse of news in the making renders this end of the game very attractive to young men. Many of those that I know would not exchange places with the most highly paid screen stars.

In the cutting-rooms in the laboratory, both young men and young women are employed. At first, this may seem like mere factory work, having no appeal, but it has its opportunities, all right. Good sight and good sense are requisites. I know of many well-paid film editors who have worked up through this department to their present positions. One in particular, whom I have in mind, also worked with me in Vitagraph. He was known then to be able to take left-over scraps of film and to piece them together so skillfully that they made a story in themselves. It is this ability to grasp essentials of scenes and their relation to each other that makes for success and promotion in the cutting-room. The last time I saw this man, some two years ago, he told me that he was then under contract in a West Coast studio at ten thousand a year. His wife, whom I remember as being in the cutting-room at the same time, was then earning about half that sum, a combined income which would surely interest the income tax department, eh?

Sign painters and ordinary journeyman painters are always in demand about a studio, as they are in the activities of every day business and home life outside. And, in the course of these activities about a studio, many find themselves taking part in some small "bit" and later have a chance to see themselves on the screen.

In the stage-carpentering department and the scene-shifting department, there is often a chance for a man to be taken on, first as helper, of course, but with opportunities, if he has it in him, to work up to something higher.

For girls and women, there is often a chance to get into the costume department and, if one shows any aptitude for designing, she may go far along these lines. At any rate, to many women the routine work of this department will prove more interesting than fitting and sewing for their neighbors or a dressmaking establishment. There is no denying it, there is a glamor about the costume department of a studio, and the work there, no matter how hard, is not so drab as the same occupation in the outside world.

Screen actors and actresses eat—at least, the successful ones do—and that means a studio restaurant. Many a girl has found that the rôle of waitress to these screen idols in the studio restaurant has more interest to it than work in the same occupation on the outside; in fact, I've known not a few who, on their days off, always boasted to new acquaintances that they were "in the pictures". And, at that, some of them have had a chance to make this come true. There's a lot in being on the

(Continued on page 31)

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THE GIRL IN THE SHOW

(*Continued from page* 14)

she demanded of Mal, putting her arms about her little sister.

"Well, I knew you wouldn't do it," he told her, "and it was the one chance we had."

"Well, you can't have Oriole," she flashed. "I won't have her in the show business."

"You won't refuse to let her play one show for the flood sufferers?" one of the girls put in. "You wouldn't want to throw us all out of work just because you don't want her on the stage?"

"Please, Hattie, just tonight!" Oriole begged.

"Oh, Hat, be fair. We need the money, need it badly—as you know," Connie pleaded.

The girl threw up her hands.

"All right," she said resignedly. "I'm licked."

Hattie's golden curls were tied on Oriole's small head; Hattie's angel dress pinned on the tiny sister, Hattie, herself, finally lending a hand, in the general excitement scarcely realizing what she was doing. When Newton Wampler entered the car in search of his prospective bride, she told him he would have to have the minister return tomorrow, she just hadn't time to be married that day. But, even as she helped pin Oriole into her dress for the parade, she heaped reproaches on Mal who was everywhere at once, arranging his troupe for the triumphal march through the town.

"You did it on purpose!" she told him. "You cooked up this whole mess just to put a crimp into my wedding!"

"Don't be ridiculous, Hattie!" he flashed.

"Well, you understand this, you can't have Oriole but just this once. I won't have her in this rotten business. She'll turn out just like me."

"Well, you haven't done so badly. You're going to have the home and the bath tub you always wanted."

"Wait till you see what a good actress I'll be!" Oriole put in.

"Yeh!" Mal supplemented. "And how proud you'll be when you see her face on every bill board and ash can!"

This prospect was too much for Hattie. With a cry of rage, she tore the white angel robe from Oriole's shoulders, leaving the child in her little white pantelettes. But the band was tuning up at the door of the car, the automobile was waiting to drive *Little Eva* through the streets of Hiawatha. Clothes or no clothes, she could not disappoint her waiting public. Mal slung the child over his shoulder and made for the door, crying as he went:

"Gee, kid, you're going to look like the devil in the parade but we can't stop now!"

And already Oriole was a dyed-in-the wool little trouper. Sitting high-up in the car, supported by Mal, she threw kisses to left and right, her style not at all cramped by her costume—or lack of it.

NOTHING could keep Hattie away from the Opera House that night. Of course, Oriole had to be dressed. That was her excuse but, in her heart of hearts, she knew that it was her trouper spirit calling her to battle. She sighed as she fastened the golden curls over Oriole's dark hair. At the end of the first act, the entire company rushed in to congratulate the new *Little Eva* and Mal, with a courtly gesture, presented her with a bouquet of flowers "for being good in the part". Delightedly the child buried her face in the blossoms and Hattie jerked her to her side to help her with her change.

"Are you going to stand there all night and listen to how good you are?" she demanded impatiently.

"*It's immense!*" *Uncle Tom* explained. "It's great, this benefit racket!"

"You know what we did tonight?" Mal asked proudly.

"No, what?" the entire troupe chorused.

"Three hundred and sixty-six fifty—capacity."

Their exclamations of "Swell!" "Great!" were interrupted by Oriole's question:

"What does it say on this card?" She fingered the piece of cardboard attached to the flowers.

"Read it," Mal directed.

With difficulty the child spelled out:

"For my protegée, the greatest *Eva* extant, from her manager."

"And I've something for the new star." Dave came forward and placed a box of candy in the little girl's hand.

"Oh, goody!" she cried, jumping up and down with delight. "Can I have some now?"

"Sure, you can have all you want," Mal consented, "for being such a good little trouper."

"Leave that candy alone!" Hattie commanded. "I'm the one that gets all the doctor bills."

The curtain was going up on the next act and the company trouped out to the stage, leaving Hattie, Oriole and Mal in possession of the dressing-room.

"What does 'extant' mean, Mal?" the child inquired.

"Oh, that just means—you know what it means—it means that you—"

"I'll tell you what it means," Hattie interrupted. "It means that you're better than anyone who ever played *Eva* before."

"Better than you?" Oriole persisted.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking about you, Hat," Mal assured her.

"No, you never did," the girl replied.

"That isn't true," Mal said gravely. "It seems that all my life I've never thought of anyone but you."

"Mal, can I have another piece of candy," the child interrupted.

"Sure, you can," Mal told her.

"No, you can't!" Hattie pulled the box out of her reach. "Do you want to get sick? You've already had two desserts for supper." Then she turned on Mal. "To hear you talk, anybody'd think *Eva* had never been played before. 'The greatest *Eva* extant!' " she quoted. "Comparing me to a rank amateur!"

"Gee, Hat," the boy exclaimed in amazement, "you act as though you were jealous of Oriole!"

"Well, I'm not!" she flashed.

"Well, you're not jealous of me, are you," he continued, "just because I'm getting along without you?"

"Well, I don't know," she said in a softer voice. "Maybe I am.

"I'm only trying to amount to something," he assured her. "That's what you always wanted me to do, isn't it?"

"Well, you didn't have to tell her she was the greatest little *Eva* in the world!"

Then Mal poured oil on the flame.

"Oh, well, you see a real kid in the part makes all the

difference. Why the show never went so well as it is going tonight."

"Oh, you mean that I ought to quit because I'm getting too old!" Hattie flared.

"Oh, no, no! It's just the part," Mal sought to calm her. "You can't help it if Oriole's a kid and you're not."

"No, I can't help anything." Hattie was close to tears. "I couldn't help losing that little money I'd saved, I couldn't help breaking that promise I gave Mom and now I can't help being a flop. That's all I am—just a big flop."

The tears were flowing freely now, blinding her as she tried to get Oriole into the costume for the death-bed scene.

"Ah, please don't cry, Hat," the child said. "Everything will be all right. From now on I can act and you can marry Mr. Wampler and I can send you money and support you." She reached for another piece of candy. "Mal said I could have all I wanted," she explained. Her champion had left the room in a quick dash, for he had heard his cue from the stage. "I like the ones with strawberries inside best."

"Well, you just find one," Hat told her, much to the child's surprise.

"Ah, that was pineapple!" Oriole exclaimed in disappointment as her little white teeth sank into a luscious candy.

"You keep right on until you find a strawberry," Hattie encouraged.

"Might as well get enough while you let me, huh?" the child murmured, stuffing the candies into her mouth. "Well, I guess maybe I've had enough now," she decided finally.

"Well, you be sure you get all you want," her sister advised sarcastically. "You know you're the greatest *Little Eva* now, the greatest *Little Eva* extant. There is nothing too good for you."

From the orchestra came the strains of "Hearts and Flowers", the cue for *Eva's* death-bed scene, and the child scampered off, all eagerness for her big triumph. The curtain rose, a hush fell on the audience as the childish treble began to say farewell to the group kneeling, misty-eyed, beside her bed.

"What makes you so sad?" the stage father asked gently, bending over his golden-haired little daughter.

"Oh, Papa, isn't there a way to have Uncle Tom made free? Then when I'm gone—"

"There, there my little pussy," the father returned. "Uncle Tom shall have his freedom."

But, instead of the beatific smile that, according to script, should brighten *Little Eva's* face, her lips twisted in a grimace of pain.

"Oh, do something. I'm terribly sick, oh!" she cried.

"There, there, my little pussy, Uncle Tom shall have his freedom," the actor adlibbed, trying to drown Oriole's cries.

"I ain't foolin', I really am and maybe I'm going to die right now, really and truly."

"There, there, my little pussy," the actor repeated, then under his breath he demanded, "What the devil is the matter with you?"

"Heaven is filled with gold streets and angels, angels with great white wings and harps." Topsy was determined to get in her speech, even though her cue had gone wandering away some place, perhaps up to paradise in advance of Little Eva.

"Oh, I'm so sick!" The child's words were almost a scream now. "I want my sister."

Hattie could stand it no longer. Dashing across the stage, she grabbed Oriole from the bed and ran into the dressing-room.

"Dave, for heaven's sake ring down that curtain," Mal directed.

As it descended, Uncle Tom murmured with more feeling than usual:

"Bless de Lord, dear Massa, it's all over, it's all over."

Mal went before the curtain and begged the audience to keep their seats. *Little Eva* had been suddenly taken ill, but he was sure she would recover in a few minutes and be able to continue the performance, like the plucky little Thespian she was.

In the dressing-room he found the women of the company running aimlessly back and forth in search of hot water bottles, hot irons, hot anything to relieve the child's agony, the men standing helplessly by. But it was left to Mal to give the crowning suggestion, whispered to the stage manager:

"Castor oil from the nearest drug store—a double dose as quick as possible. It's tough to go on with the show with the kid sick like this," he added aloud.

"That's all we troupers are good for," Hattie commented. "I've gone on when I was dying."

The gloom lifted from the new manager's brow.

"Say, would you go on and finish, Hat?" he asked eagerly. "If I ever needed you during my life, I need you now. An *Uncle Tom* without the death bed, an *Uncle Tom* without *Eva* ascending to the angels—why, I wouldn't blame them if they ran us out of town."

'No, I won't do it, I won't do it," Hattie stormed as if to convince herself as well as Mal.

"My first and last job as a manager"—the boy threw up his hands—"a flop. Why, I might as well go out and tell them they can have their money back."

He started for the door but Hattie grasped him by the arm.

"Oh, you can't do that, Mal, I'll play."

She tore the golden curls from Oriole's head and fitted them on her own. In another second she was pulling the little white nightgown over her shoulders and at that juncture Newton Wampler entered the room.

"What are you doing in that make-up?" he asked in surprise.

"Oh, I got to go on and play *Little Eva,*" she told him. "Oriole can't finish." She pointed to the trunk where the child was still making wierd faces over the memory of the huge dose of castor oil she had just swallowed for Mal's sake.

"Oh, have you been sick?" Newton crossed to Oriole.

"Yes—but I don't need any undertaker tonight," the child told him peevishly.

"Oriole!" Hattie reproved her sternly.

"That's what he is," the child persisted. "Dave told me and said he didn't want anyone to know it."

Hattie turned to her fiancé.

"You said you were in the furniture business," she accused.

"Well, I said, 'With side lines,'" Wampler defended. "Ain't that furniture? Well, anyway, my business hasn't anything to do with your playing *Little Eva* again."

"He's right, Hat," Mal upheld him. "What he does

for a living has nothing to do with it. Either you love him enough to marry him or you don't—and that's all there is to it."

"You've got to make your choice right now," Newt told her, strengthened by Mal's defense of his position. "Either you keep your promise or we call the whole thing off."

"Well, that's tough," Hattie returned, "because I've got to go on."

"No, you don't," the man returned. "You *want* to. At heart you're nothing but a cheap *Uncle Tom* actress and it's lucky I found you out in time."

With that he strolled out of the door, leaving his ex-fiancée to her fate.

"Hurry up, Hat," Mal warned. "Now that you've decided to go on, it ain't right to keep the audience waiting."

"But there is something I got to tell you, Mal, before I do," Hat said, standing before him shame-facedly. "I played the meanest trick I ever did to anyone in my whole life and I did it to my own little sister. I let her stuff herself with those chocolates."

"But you didn't know they would make her sick," Mal tried to comfort her.

"Oh, yes, I did," the girl returned with her characteristic honesty. "I was jealous and I wanted to see her flop."

"But you've got to go on and finish the show," he reminded her as the sound of impatient clapping came from the audience without.

"You hate me now, don't you?" she said, making no attempt to move.

"No, I couldn't hate you, no matter what you did," he told her.

"And I'm just crazy about you, Mal."

"It's no use, Hat, I'm not the man for you. I'm no good to myself or to anybody else."

The girl gazed up at him proudly.

"Well, you—you discovered this new territory, the flood route."

"Yes," the boy admitted gloomily, "but the floods will be down in a couple of weeks."

"Oh, I know," Hat encouraged, "but there'll always be cyclone sufferers to play for." Still Mal shook his head.

"No, I can't forget I lost all that money you saved up for Oriole. I'm no good, really, so, as soon as the show's over, you find Mr. Wampler and make it up with him."

Hattie stamped her foot impatiently.

"You don't seem to realize that I'm proposing to you."

"Gee, it's tough," the boy said regretfully, "but I can't marry you."

"You've been after me all season to marry you and now I'm going to hold you to it. You're not going to get rid of me because you've suddenly become a successful manager."

Liza stuck her head in at the door.

"Say, Romeo and Juliet, don't you know you got an audience waiting out there?"

"We nearly forgot them," the new manager confessed. "Say, hurry up, Hat."

"I'm not going on until I know," she insisted

"But they're waiting for you," he urged.

"Yes or no?" Mal gave up.

"Yes. Now will you hurry?"

"All right, here I go." Hattie ran to the door, calling over her shoulder, "*Little Eva* will be played tonight as she has never been played before. I'll show you who's the 'greatest *Little Eva* extant'."

And Mal smiled to himself as, from the top of the trunk, came in the childish treble of the little star who had risen so quickly only to sink more quickly:

"I bet she won't be as good as I was."

Coming: A bigger and better Moving Picture Stories! Watch for your favorite magazine in its new dress a snappy two-color cover and, inside, the latest stories from the screen, illustrated with vital scenes from the photoplays. Ask your dealer to reserve your copy now. The date of the new issue will be November 26th.

LIVES OF THE GREAT

(Continued from page 9)

Goldwyn-Mayer. Since then he has made about five pictures a year. He is recognized as the greatest master of make-up in the world and is author of the article on make-up in the Encyclopedia Britannica. He was winner of the Critics' Ballot for Best Performance of an Actor in 1925. The verdict was based on "The Unholy Three", "The Tower of Lies," "He Who Gets Slapped" and "The Phantom of the Opera".

DYNAMITE

(Continued from page 8)

When they had gone, Derk turned to Cynthia.

"Now you can rest easy," he said soothingly. "I had to get them away. You looked sorta sick, like a little girl just goin' to cry."

To his amazement, she flashed:

"Do you know what you have done? You've wrecked my life for me!"

With that, she stormed upstairs, telling the butler that, if Derk wished to stay, he was to be given a room in the servants' quarters.

Derk waited until the butler and maid had disappeared and then returned to Cynthia's boudoir. Knocking at the door, he said:

"I want to see you a minute. I have something to give you!"

At Cynthia's refusal to let him in, he concentrated his strength against the door and broke the panels. As he strode into the room, Cynthia reached for the phone to call the police. Sensing her intention, Derk grasped her in his strong arms, bent her head back and pressed a long lingering kiss on her lips, then he carried her, still struggling, to the bed and laid her down on the satin covering.

(What will be the outcome of this strange marriage? Will Derk insist upon his right to claim his bride before the world? For the next instalment of this throbbing drama of human emotions see MOVING PICTURE STORIES dated November 26th.)

THE HELPING HEARTS CLUB

(*Continued from page 2*)

(perhaps I am selfish) I will see my letter in the H. H. C. soon.

I would like to hear from any one at all, everyone and some one, and I've already bought a lot of stamps, so don't disappoint me.

Sincerely,
Blonde of Minnesota.

Judging from your proficiency in typing, I predict that you're going to be invaluable in an office.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I bought a *Moving Picture Stories* this month and the first thing I noticed and read was the Helping Hearts Club and I fell in love with the idea at once.

I want a lot of pen pals. I think every state was represented but mine, so come on, pen pals, and let me tell you about this wonderful state.

I'm eighteen, dark brown, curly (bobbed) hair, almost black eyes and am considered attractive, with many friends.

I'm fond of all sports and am at the present trying very hard to learn to swim. I am on my vacation now and am having a wonderful time.

How many are going to write to me? I would especially like to hear from Jackie of the 13th and Duckie of Baltimore and from anybody that will write.

I hope they have to hire an extra postman to deliver my mail.

F. E. B. of Ill.

We have several pals from your state, F. E. B., but, then, the more, the merrier.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Always I have wanted some good pen pals and your Helping Hearts Club interests me very much.

May I become a member? I would like to write to people in foreign countries and to Kenneth of Buffalo.

Sandria of Alabama.

Just send your letters in, Sandria, and I shall be very glad to forward them.

* * *

Rosemary Lee:

I wonder if you would consider the enclosed poem as an application for membership in your Helping Hearts Club by one who has long been an interested purchaser and peruser of your magazine and kindly ameliorative column.

I would like to make the acquaintance of a few Pen Pals—either sex and anywhere—who, like myself, are interested in literature, music and the exchange of human views, longings, hopes, etc.

I am twenty-four years old, five feet, eleven inches tall, and alternately sad, happy and lonely, as perhaps befits one who has traveled half the world over, is a musician, a struggling poet, and who imagines or believes has had more than his share of sorrow.

As I travel half the year and devote the other part to the study of literature and journalism, I have—sans egotistical outburst, I hope—quite an unusual amount of information concerning places visited, odd happenings observed, strange people doing stranger things, etc; in short, some of the trimmings and trappings that go well toward making a Conradesque Romance. But as yet—perhaps because I am alone in this hurly-burly world—I have found no real friend to unfold these stray gleanings of a Conradesque Romance to.

Hence my desire for a few true Pen Pals.

I was very much interested in the letters of Lon from Kentucky and Lonely Girl of Salt Lake in the June 25th issue and would enjoy corresponding with them. They will probably, and I suppose rightly, exercise the feminine prerogative and request a letter from me first to begin this Mayhaps-I'm-Hoping-For-Too-Much-Correspondence Affair.

None-the-less, Rosemary Lee, I hope this finds a very public place in your worthy column and that I will receive replies "toot-sweet".

Yours sincerely,
Larry from California.

DEDICATORY LINES TO A LETTER CLUB

There is an open paradise of Helping Hearts,
Told about in a Story Book quite new;
And there I hope ere another day departs
To share friendly joys 'neath its parent view.

Letters are never the slaves of sere time or tide,
So, whether exiled to homely scenes or in foreign clime,
It will really matter but little where you lonely reside,
Since thoughts, stamp-sped, travel faster than Omar's famous wine.

FINIS--

I know your letters are going to be wonderfully interesting, Larry—if this is a sample.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Lee:

I suppose you are very interested to know how one of your club members (rather two) are making out in their correspondence. I am, Mary E, who wrote to you a long time ago. Mine was one of the first few letters you received. I never received any answers from my letter but still I answered one, who signed his name, Monsieur Figures. I have been corresponding with him since. A real nice chap he is.

The last two weeks in May I went on my vacation. A friend of mine and I took an automobile trip. We visited for a while the city of Burlington, Vermont. This is where Monsieur lives. He met us and he entertained us the whole time we were there. Take my word for it, Mrs. Lee, he sure was nice.

So, Mrs. Lee, I thought you might be interested in knowing that two of your club members are still corresponding and getting along fine.

Hoping to hear from you real soon, I am,

Mary E.

It certainly was dear of you to let me know about your pleasant experience. You say your letter was never answered, Mary E? Write again and I'll see that this little detail is attended to at once. Anyone who appreciates pen pals as much as you do must have more of them.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I have been reading your magazine for quite some time and have seen some of the stories in pictures. "Light Fingers" was good. Now, Miss Lee, is there room for another member in the H. H. C. I would like to get some pen pals as I as so lonesome sometimes I

don't know what to do. Try to find a place for me if you can.

Walter of Newark.

The place is yours, Walter. I am glad you enjoyed "Light Fingers".

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I would like to join your club if possible. I would like to hear from Marie of New York, Kitty of Maine, Vera of New Jersey, Jean of Denver, Lonesome Peggy of the Windy City, Lola of Baltimore and other members. I am twenty years old, five feet five inches in height, and weigh 126 pounds.

Jackie from the Hills.

I imagine those hills are turning red and gold now, eh, Jackie? How I'd love to see them!

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

Have you another opening in your Helping Hearts Club? I would like to become a member if possible. I am not exactly lonesome but I like to write letters.

I am a jockey at Hawthorne Race Track during the day and a drummer in my own orchestra at night. I am almost twenty—five feet, five inches tall, brown hair and eyes.

I would like to hear from Betty of Jersey City, Marie of Bryant Ave., New York City, Marian of West Philadelphia, Dolores of Richmond and The Twins from New York.

The Chicago Jockey.

My, what a swiftly moving life yours is, Chicago Jockey! How nice it is that you have your own orchestra! No one can accuse you of not being "on the job".

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee and Pen Pals:

I wish some of you would take time to write to a very lonely girl, who will make a good friend to anyone, whether girl or boy.

I am twenty-one years of age, five foot two, have hazel eyes and chestnut hair. I am not beautiful, but what are looks among friends?

A few months ago I lost my baby girl, and, shortly afterward, my husband, and I can sympathize with Just Peggy in her sorrow, and I hope she will write to me, and perhaps we can find consolation in each other.

I would like to hear from Tricks of Minnesota, too, as Minnesota is my home state, and I would love to hear from one who is a native of that dear state. I miss the woods and streams and hills and all the rest of the beautiful things that endear Minnesota to her sons and daughters.

Please write, as many of you who will, and I assure you I will answer all the letters I receive. I would like to hear from some real He-men, ones that can appreciate a good friend, as I can surely be one to anyone who can shoot square with me.

Lonely Girl from Wisconsin.

What a wonderful circle of sympathy our club is! I am sure, Lonely Girl, our pals will rally to cheer these hours that must be so sad.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I quite enjoy reading your very interesting section and wonder if I may join, too. May I?

I am twenty years of age, five feet, six and one-half inches, weigh 117, blue eyes, light hair.

Please help me find new pen pals, Rosemary Lee. Wonder if Daniel of the Signal Corps will write to me, too. Please forward enclosed letter to him. Thank you,

Nan of Phila.

Of course, Dan will write to you—especially when he sees that lovely copper-plate hand. He is one of my most popular lads and a fine specimen of young American manhood he must be—or else your Rosemary is no judge of character.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I wonder if you are going to let me in your wonderful club. I would like to join. Please let me as I am so lonely and blue I don't know what to do with myself.

I am nineteen years old, five feet, four inches tall, have long blonde hair, blue eyes, and weigh 120 pounds.

I like to dance, swim, read all kinds of books and love outdoor sports.

Come one and all and send some letters to a real lonely little girl and help me find a silver lining. That's great! I know you are all going to be good sports and cheer me up and I'll try to do the same for you all.

Ethel of New Jersey.

P.S. I'd like to hear from "Just Somebody".

Why not drop a note to Just Somebody? That's the surest way of getting anyone to write. If the above-mentioned boy's letters to the pals are as clever as his one to the club, they are well worth preserving. I'm keeping the original. If I don't have any descendants to pass it on to, I think I'll will it to my ancestors. I'm sure of them.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have plenty of friends, but not many correspondents and I would like to join your club.

The letter of "Jackie of the 13th" attracted my attention for I am in Boston nearly every day during the winter. However, I would like to have anyone write to me.

I am five-feet, five and a half. I have dark brown hair and blue eyes, am *very* fond of swimming and like skating and other sports. Oh, yes, the age! Nineteen!

Here's hoping I get letters from both girls and boys.

"El" of Mass.

I'm sure Jackie will be glad to write to you. I know some of my girls feel a little backward about writing first but you mustn't let this bother you. We are all just good pals, regardless of the "Mr." and "Miss".

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

May I join your Club? I'm taking a lot for granted as you will see by the letters enclosed, but I don't think you will mind, for your club is conducted for the purpose of forming friendships through correspondence. Right?

I'm twenty, tall, dark curly hair and blue eyes. I like all sports, including hunting and fishing.

Designing and illustrating comprise my work.

I'd love to receive letters from anyone twenty to thirty years old. Please, Pen Pals, get busy and limber up the pen hand.

Sincerely,

Marilyn Lois.

In answer to your postscript, Marilyn Lois, I do.

Dear Miss Lee:

I had the good fortune today to come across M. P .S. issue of October first and am very much interested in the Helping Hearts Club. I consider this a rare find and certainly would like to become a member of this organization, if you are willing to accept me, also the other members who constitute this club.

I gathered from the information you published in this issue a vague idea as to the qualifications and entry specification, but, as this is my first copy, I cannot fully grasp the principles of a card, which I believe is necessary for membership. I wonder if you could not possibly accept me now and, in the meantime, advise me regarding this matter.

I am a young man of twenty-four, five feet, six inches and weigh 145 pounds. I have light brown curly hair and fair complexion. I am interested in all sports, more or less, college and high school football. I enjoy shows and movies, but do very little dancing. I certainly like to make new friends and take keen delight in writing letters and forming true companionships. I promise to answer every letter promptly and, if necessary, to write first, if accepted as a member.

I have many friends here but love to correspond and receive letters and make new pals. I was a former resident of Pennsylvania but have resided here in New York for the past two years.

I hope I may have the good fortune to join your club and meet a lot of new friends.

Thanking you in advance for your consideration, I am,

Silver Bill.

The card, Silver Bill, is for our index file. You see, when we started, we kept names and addresses in a nice little book. Then the file outgrew the book and we found it necessary to start a card index. That's a task but, if each pal does his bit with a post card as requested, presto, our file is made for us. The idea of the post card is to have them all a uniform size. Clear?

* * *

Dear Mrs. Lee:

I have just finished reading the letters of your Helping Hearts Club. May I please become a member? I am a young lady twenty-five years old, about five feet six, and would love to correspond with some girls around that age in or near Providence. I would also be very pleased to hear from some young men between twenty-five and thirty. As I said before, I am twenty-five years of age, but I'm always meeting girls and boys around sixteen and seventeen, as I'm very "kiddish" looking and nobody takes me for my right age. I hope you can secure me some real pals, and I'll sure be very thankful to you. I will sign myself what people call me,

Baby Face.

Don't worry about looking "kiddish", Baby Face. I think that's a great asset.

* * *

Dear Rosemary:

I hope you will allow me to join your club.

I am a stenographer for a Plumbing and Heating Contractor and, although I love my work, there are times when I am not busy. As I love to write letters I could use this time profitably. But whom to write to—that is the question.

I would like to hear from girls or boys or anyone around the ages of seventeen and twenty-two.

Here's hoping you will help me to get some pen-pals!

Gert of Penna.

Yes, Gert, no matter how much one loves one's work, a normal, well-balanced young person needs other interests. And, as a rule, the work benefits from these other interests—not that I am holding out any hope of your being able to sell a heating plant to the pals, but I guess you know what I mean.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I am lonely and would like very much to join the H. H. C. May I?

I am twenty-one years old, have brown hair and eyes, six feet tall, weigh 165 pounds.

I hope I'll have many friends to write to me. Oh, yes, I am a lonely man of the South and would love to hear from lots of pen pals, girls or boys.

Lonely Bill of South Carolina.

I feel sure you will, Bill.

REMEMBER, pals, we're going to be all dressed up for the next issue—but not "with no place to go". We're going to move right into your hearts and homes—and those of all your friends and playmates. But, just because we're all dressed up don't fail to recognize us when you see us on the newsstands. See who'll be the first to rush up and say, "Hello!"

OUR MODERN MAIDENS

(Continued from page 22)

Mr. Brown was amazed at the tired lines in his daughter's face which, when he had last glimpsed it, had been smiling merrily from the balcony at the bridal party below. He was still more amazed at the words with which she greeted him:

"Dad, I'm going away without Gil—I must. You see—he has just found out something about me, something terribly disgraceful." He looked at her wonderingly. "Don't you understand, Dad," she continued, "he couldn't possibly have me as his wife now?"

A frown darkened the man's brow as understanding came into his eyes and he recoiled from her. To his mind, there was only one reason why anyone would not want his daughter for a wife—and that one reason was unforgiveable in the eyes of even B. Bickering Brown.

"This is outrageous!" he stormed. "You'll find your *own* way out of this scandal, young lady."

Billie's eyes fell before the reproach in her father's.

She had always counted upon him to stick by her no matter what happened and now he had failed her in the hour when she needed him most.

THE smiling, exquisitely gowned young woman who descended the stairs of the Brown residence a few minutes later and bravely faced the waiting cameramen had a stricken look in her eyes but no one noticed it as she turned to the reporters grouped about the entrance and laughed:

"What do you think of a groomless honeymoon? I'm just starting the fashion."

She continued to smile until she entered the limousine that was waiting to take her and Gil to the station, then, as it turned down the roadway and hid her from the gaze of the astonished guests, she leaned her head back against the seat and closed her eyes, unmindful of the tears that trickled down her cheeks and left tell-tale spots on the tan broadcloth of her traveling suit.

A FEW months later in a quiet *pension* in Paris, a lonely girl who from babyhood had been surrounded by loving, admiring friends opened an American paper to gaze into the smiling, happy eyes of a golden-haired bride who had been her dearest friend. Underneath it was the announcement of her recent marriage to Gil Jordan who, for some unknown reason, had been deserted on his wedding day by the popular Billie Brown and divorced by a Paris decree. Billie sighed as she folded the paper and placed it upon the table before her. A moment later, a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of the maid.

"Your Paris is so lonesome, Annette," the girl said before the maid had an opportunity to make known her errand. "If only I could go home and not see anyone but Dad."

Her eyes were fastened upon the paper that had just brought the old life so vividly to her mind. When she raised them again, she looked into the happy dark ones of the young man whose arrival Annette had come upstairs to announce. She looked at him wonderingly without speaking. Perhaps it was just a trick of her imagination, for those dark eyes had been absent from her thoughts for scarcely a moment in the long, lonely days in the gay French capital.

"Billie," Glenn Abbott greeted as he hurried into the room, "I've looked everywhere for you." He clasped her in his arms and, unconscious of the romantically inclined maid still standing in the doorway, murmured against her hair, "I love you, Billie. I lied when I said I didn't."

The girl raised her head and her eyes were shining.

"Glenn," she whispered, "is that pretty little cottage in the Argentine still yours?"

A gay, happy laugh burst from the lips of Glenn Abbott, a laugh that would have astonished his political colleagues, as he returned!

"*Ours,* sweetheart."

THAT'S THAT

(*Continued from page* 15)

Trucks are being equipped with special tires that absorb vibration and rumble as they roll over studio streets.

Stars and directors have also become "sound conscious" and are building homes with double padded walls and double windows. Then they can't be disturbed in the morning by the neighbors' noisy children. They claim the houses are practical because they are also cooler in summer and warmer in winter.

Cameras are now made so they run with the minimum of sound. In some cases the sound-proof box has been discarded and the camera placed under a "horse blanket" or cover that absorbs what little noise is left. Even the sensitive microphone is then not able to pick up the sounds.

The sound-proof experts have not turned their attention to small things but Hollywood would not be surprised if they soon devise a way to take the noise out of grandfather's soup.

OUR SCHOOL OF SCENARIO WRITING

(*Continued from page* 24)

"inside", no matter in what humble capacity.

Every studio carries a clerical department and some young clerical workers find employment there more to their liking than it would be in an ordinary business office. And, if they have acting aspirations, there is always a chance, you know. They say that Larry Gray was a "find" from the clerical department where he had been working for years until an Argus-eyed director found him.

Distribution departments offer to young men big opportunities in the film industry. If a young man prefers to sell pictures instead of stocks and bonds, and, if he is willing to start in a humble position and work up, he can find many opportunities in these departments of the various companies. The storehouse is where such a one is usually started and, if he shows ability, he is, after becoming acquainted with the business of that particular company, soon given a chance to sell advertising to exhibitors on the road, or he may, if he prefers, take the line of selling the film itself. But salesmanship doesn't need to be talked about, for we all know that, if a man is a good salesman in any line, he can earn a comfortable salary. About salesmanship there is this peculiarity that differentiates it from other lines of endeavor: A man who makes good can point definitely to the figures to prove it, while, in other lines, a man's value can be only approximately defined and is often a matter of opinion, opinion which differs from the viewpoint of employer and employee. I think that I've frequently differed with employers as to the financial value of my work, but they have always won out.

As to the exhibition branch of the film business, most of the larger producing companies which maintain their own chain of theatres conduct training schools for managers, and personable young men with managerial ability latent in their personalities find it not so very hard to get a chance. Incidentally, they like college men for these jobs.

And now just a few words for those of your sisters and your cousins and your aunts and your uncles and your brothers who would like to use their industrial activities just as a wedge to get them into the studios so that they may be "discovered": Do not forget that Monte Blue was working as a laborer, digging fence holes, when he got his first screen chance; that Cullen Landis, driving a truck on the old Balboa lot, decided to get a job as scene shifter to see what it would do for him and that George O'Brien started his career in the movies as assistant cameraman not so long ago, and now—— I know I've left a great deal unsaid in this article, but space is limited, you know.

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